





ZAYDE.

A

Spanish History,

OR,

ROMANCE.



Originally Written in French.

By Monsieur Segray.

Done into English by P. Porter, Esq;

The First Part.

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TO THE
High - Born and Mighty
PRINCE
Henry Fits-Roy,

Duke of *Grafton*, Earl of *Eu-*
ston, Vicount *Ipswich*, Baron of
Loestoffe, &c.

My Lord,

 He Honour I had
once to be Yours,
gives me the bold-
ness to affix your Graces
Name before this Book, made

A 3 *English*

The Epistle

English in your Service, at those vacant hours I could borrow from the Function of my Employment : It is a Romance, but so like a True Story, that your Grace may reap by it the use and profit of a true History. It was a good *Tale* in *Monsieur Segrays* dress, therefore I must humbly beg your Graces pardon

Dedicatory.

don if I have spoil'd it in the
Telling.

The scope of it, is chiefly
to shew the deformity of
Treachery, Ingratitude, the
Folly and Mischiefs of ill-
grounded Jealousies; as also
to punish Vice, and reward
Vertue, though Vertue be

Pulcherrima merces
ipsa sibi

The Epistle

Yet if not cultivated and applied, it may be truly said of her, as in this our Age is made out;

—Virtus Laudatur & alget.

But if we may ground our Conjectures upon those early Rayes of hopeful Goodness, which breaks forth like a glorious Morn from your tender Years, we may with

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Assu-

Dedicatory.

Assurance promise the World
that You will not starve
here

And that the Riches and
Beauty of your Mind, will
in time out-shine that of your
Body; in which, although
the Majesty of your Great
Sire, and the lovely features
of your Mother, at once daffe
and surprize the eyes and the
hearts

The Epistle.

hearts of all that see you ;
yet the clearness of your Un-
derstanding, the quickness of
your Apprehension, the hap-
piness of your Memory, your
Gracefulness and Manly car-
riage in performing all your
Exercises , your Solidity in
Reasoning , well - grounded
assurance in Discourfing, even
with the greateft and moft
Learned

Dedictory.

Learned men, may confirm
us in our most assured Hope
(that if the Almighty be
graciously pleased to pro-
long your Life) you will
out-doe our just expectations
of You.

And that when you are
called by the Prerogative of
your Blood, to publick *Em-
ployments*, you will embrace
them,

The Epistle

them, not as prizes of *Ambition*, *Oppression*, *Injustice*, and *Covetousness*, but as your proper Sphere wherein you will move, (most usefully for the Service of *God*, the safety and honour of your *Prince* and *Country*, nourishing *Arts* and *Vertue* wheresoever you find them:

And that when all occasions

Dedictory.

sions of the publick are at a stand, you will be able most profitably to actuate upon your self, as the properest object of your Industry; God having made you so rich a Soil, that you will be still improvable, and rather chuse to bestow your time in Cultivating the rich mines of your Great and Princely Soul

(of

The Epistle

(of which you give daily
most clear demonstrations to
all those that have the ho-
nour to Converse with you)
than to suffer your self to
be carryed away by the ill
managery of others, or by
the example or imitation of
such who Mispent their times
in evil *Conversation* and worse
Manners , and that you will
not

Dedictory.

not let so hopeful a Field
produce a degenerate Crop;
having this Maxim still in
mind, That 'tis *Vertue* alone
that can make you powerful
and happy, and that nothing
but *Vice*, and the practise
thereof can debase what was
intended so *Great*.

I therefore most humbly
beseech your Grace to par-
don

The Epistle Dedicatory.

don this my boldness, and to
accept this small Oblation of
this *First Part* of *Zayd*, with
that goodness which is so na-
tural to you, from one, whose
chiefest Ambition has been
(since he had the honour to
know and serve your Grace)
to approve himself,

My Lord,
Your Graces most Obedient, and
most Faithful Humble Servant

don

P. Porter.

Spanish History.

A NOVELL

Written in *FRENCH* by
MOUNSIER SEGRAIS.

FIRST PART.



PAIN began to Free it self from the Dominion of the *Moors*; its People, who had Retired into the *Asturies*, had laid the Foundation of the Kingdom of *Leon*: Those who had withdrawn themselves into the *Pyrenean* Mountains, begun the Kingdom of *Navarr*. There were that raised themselves to be Counts of *Barcelona*, and *Arragon*; so that in a Hundred and Fifty Years after the Invasion of the *Moors*, more than half *Spain* found it self delivered from their Tyranny.

Amongst all the Christian Princes that

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then Reigned there, there was none more powerful than *Alphonso*, King of *Leon*, Sur-named *The Great*: His Predecessors had joyned *Castile* to their Kingdom: At first, this Province was Commanded by Governors, who, in process of Time, had made their Governments Hereditary; and People begun to apprehend, that they would set up for the Sovereignty: They were called Counts of *Castile*; whereof the most powerful were *Diego Porcellos*, and *Nugnes Fernando*; this last was considerable for the vast Extent of his Territories, and the Greatness of his Understanding: And his Children were instrumental for the Preservation not only of his Fortune, but enlarging of its Bounds: He had a Son and a Daughter of extraordinary Beauty; His Son, whose Name was *Gonsalvo*, whom nothing in all *Spain* might equal; his Person and Wit had something in them so admirable, that it seem'd Heaven had made him differ from the rest of Man-kind.

Some important Reasons had obliged him to quit the Court of *Leon*; and the sensible Displeasures he had there received, induced him to the Designe of leaving *Spain*, and to retire into some solitary Place. He came into the remotest Parts of *Catalonia*, with intention to ship himself in the first Vessel he should find bound for any of the *Grecian* Islands:

lands: The careless Disposition he was in, made him often neglect the Roads he had been shewn; so that, instead of passing the River *Elbe* at *Tortose*, as he had been directed, he followed the Course of the River almost to the Place where it disembogues it self into the Sea; there he perceived he had lost his Way: He inquires if there were never a Barque there? 'Twas told him, That in that Place, there would be none to be found; but that, if he pleased to go to a little Port not far off, he might find some that would carry him to *Tarragone*; He goes to this Port, lights off his Horse, and asked of some Fisher-men he met with, If there were not any Shallop ready to put to Sea?

As he was talking to them, A Man, that was walking pensively by the Shore-side, being surprized with his Beauty and good Meine, stood still to consider him; and, having over-heard what he asked of those Fisher-men, he made Answer, That all the Barques were sayled for *Tarragon*, and that they would not return untill the next Day; and that he could not Embarque until the next Day after. *Gonsalvo*, who at first did not perceive him, turning his Head towards that Voyce, was as much surprized with the good Aspect of this unknown Man, as the Stranger had been with his. He saw in him

something of Great and Noble, and full of Handsomness; though he might easily perceive, that he was passed the Prime of his Youth. Though *Gonsaluo's* Mind was filled more with his own Thoughts than any thing else; yet, the sight of this Stranger in such a forlorne Place, gave him some Attention: He thanked him for giving him Information of what he desired to know; and then asked the Fisher-men, If there were no Conveniency in the Neighbourhood, where he might Lodge that Night? There is no other but these Hutts you see (Replied the Stranger,) where you cannot have any convenient Entertainment. Nevertheless (says *Gonsaluo*) I must go thither to seek some Rest; for, I have travelled some Dayes without any; and I find my Body has need of more, than my troubled Thoughts will allow it. The Stranger was touched with the sad manner of his pronouncing these Words; and was now convinced, that it was some unfortunate Man. The Conformity that seemed to be in their Fortunes, gave him that kind of Inclination for *Gonsaluo*, which we use to have for Persons, whose Dispositions we believe to be like ours.

You will not find here (says the Stranger) any Place worthy of your Retreat; but,

but, if you please to accept of one that I offer you hard by here, you will be Lodged there more commodiously, than in these Cabanes. *Gonsalvo* had such an Aversion for the Society of Men, that he presently refused the offer which the Stranger made him; but at last, being over-come with his Importunities, and his great need of taking some Rest, he was forced to accept of it.

He therefore followes him; and, after walking a little while, he discovers a House, some-what low, built with no great Cost; yet Neat and Regular. The Court was shut in only with a Row of Pomgranat Trees, and the Garden was fenced with the like, which was separated from a high Wood by a small Brook: If *Gonsalvo* had been capable of taking any Delight, the agreeable Scituation of this Dwelling, might have given him some Pleasure. He asked the Stranger, If this Place were his constant Abode, and whether Chance, or his own Choyce, had led him thither? I have lived here this four or five Years (Replied the Stranger;) I never stir out but only to walk upon the Sea-Shore; and, I can assure you, that since I have taken up my Habitation here, I never saw any Rational Man in this Place, but your self: Foul Weather often casts away Vessels upon this Coast, which is dan-

gerous enough: I have saved the Lives of some poor Wretches, whom I have entertained here: But all those whose ill Fortune brought hither, were Strangers; with whom I could have no Conversation, though I had sought for it. You may judge by the Place of my Abode, that I look for none; yet I must confess, I am much pleased to see a Man like your self.

For my part (sayes *Gonsalvo*) I shunn all Men; and I have such just Reasons to shun them, that, if you knew them, you would not think it strange, that I accepted with so much Reluctancy, the offer which you made me: To the contrary, you would judge, after the Misfortunes which they have created me, that I ought for ever to renounce all Humane Society. If the cause of your Complaint proceeds only from other Men (sayes the Stranger,) and that you have nothing where-with to reproach your self; there are others more unhappy than you, and you are less unfortunate than you imagine your self to be. The Complement of Misfortunes (cryes he) is to have reason to complain of ones self; This is to dig a Pit for ones self to be drowned in: This is to be unjust, unreasonable: This is to have been the Source of ones own Miseries. I perceive (answered *Gonsalvo*) that you

you have a sensible Feeling of what you speak; But, How different are they from those we feel, when without deserving it, we are deceived, betrayed, and abandoned by all that was most dear to us. Forasmuch as I can perceive (sayes the Stranger) you forsake your Country, to flye some Persons that have betrayed you, and are the cause of your Discontent: But, judgewhat torment it would be to you, to be obliged alwayes to keep Company with those that create the Misfortunes of your Life; Believe it, this is my Condition: I have made my own Life unhappy; and yet, I cannot separate from my self, for whom I have so much Horrour, and so just a cause of Hatred; not only for my own particular Sufferings; but also, for the Misfortunes of those I loved above all things in this World.

I should never complain (sayes *Gonsalvo*) if I had none to complain of but my self: You think your self unhappy, because you have reason to hate your self; but, if you had been answered with an equal Flame, by the Person you adored, Would not you believe your self happy? You have, perhaps, lost her by your own Fault; but still you have the satisfaction, to think, that she loved you; and would do so still, if you had not done something that might have

displeased her: You are not acquainted with Love, if this Thought alone be not capable of keeping you from believing your self unhappy; and you love your self better than your Mistress, if you had rather have cause to complain of her, than of your self. Doubtless, the little share you have in your own Misfortunes (sayes the Stranger) hinders you from comprehending how great an Addition of Grief it would have been to you, to have contributed to them; But believe it, by the Experience I have of it, that to lose what we love by our own Fault, is a kind of Affliction, which makes more sensible Impressions upon us, than any other what-ever.

As they made an end of these Words, they came into the House, which *Gonsalvo*, found as pritty within, as it appeared without. He passed the Night with much disquiet; in the Morning, a Feavour seized him; and, in the following Dayes it grew so violent, that his Life was thought in danger. The Stranger was sensibly afflicted, and his Affliction encreased by the pity and admiration, all *Gonsalvo's* Actions and his Words caused in him: He conceived an earnest desire to know who this Man should be, that appeared so extraordinary to him: He asked several Questions of him, that served

ved him; But the Servants Ignorance of his Master's Name and Quality, could not satisfie his Curiosity: He only told him, That he caused himself to be called *Theodoric*, and that he believed, that was not his right Name. At last, after his Feaver had continued several Dayes, the Remedies, and his Youth, drew *Gonsaluo* out of danger. The Stranger strove to divert him from those sad Thoughts, with which he saw him perplexed: He staid alwayes by him; and though they spoke but of indifferent Things, because they were not yet acquainted; yet, they surprized one another by the greatness of their Wits.

This Stranger had concealed his Name and Quality, during his Residence in this solitary Retreat; but he was very willing *Gonsaluo* should know it: He told him, He was of the Kingdom of *Navarr*; that his Name was *Alphonso Xymenes*; and that his bad Fortune had obliged him to find out a Retreat, where he might with more Freedom, regret what he had lost. *Gonsaluo* was surprized at the Name of *Xymenes*, knowing it to be one of the most Illustrious Names of *Navarr*; and was highly sensible of the Confidence *Alphonso* shewed him. What Reasons soever he had to hate all Men, he could not keep himself from having a Friend:

ship for him, beyond what he believed himself any more capable of.

In the mean time, *Gonsalvo* began to recover his Strength; and when he found himself pretty well to Embarque, he found he could not leave *Alphonso* without Difficulty; he acquaints him with their separation, and the design he had to seek out some solitude; *Alphonso* was much afflicted at it: He had so used himself to the sweetness of *Gonsalvo's* Conversation, that he could not think of the loss of it without grief; he told him he was not yet in a condition to depart, and endeavoured to persuade him not to look for any other solitude then that whither chance had conducted him.

I dare not hope, says he, to make this abode less tedious to you, but me-thinks that in a retreat so far distant, as that you look for, there is some satisfaction not to be altogether alone: My misfortunes were not capable of receiving any comfort; I believe, notwithstanding I should find some Consolation, if at certain times I could have some body to whom I might make my moan; you shall find here the same solitude you are going to look for else-where, and you will have the conveniency to speak when you please, to a Person that has an extraordinary esteem

A Romance.

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esteem for your merit, and a feeling sence of your misfortunes, equal to that he has of his own.

Alphonso's discourse did not presently persuade *Gonsalva*, but by degrees it began to work upon his reason, and the consideration of a recess remote from all Company, together with the friendship he had already for him, made him resolve to stay in that House; the only thing that gave him trouble, was his apprehension of being known. *Alphonso* re-assures him by his own example, and tells him, that this place was so far distant from all commerce, that for so many years past that he had lived there, he had never seen any that could know him. *Gonsalva* yielded to his reasons, and after having said to one another all the obliging things that the best-bred men in the World, who resolve to live together, could say, he sent a parcel of his Jewels to a Merchant at *Tarragon*, who was to return him for them, all such necessaries as he had occasion for. Thus you see *Gonsalvo* established in this solitude, whence he resolves never to depart: Here he is giving himself up to the sad contemplation of his misfortunes, where the only Consolation he finds, is, his belief, that here he is at Covert from all that Malice can contrive; but Fortune made it appear;

appear, that she can reach even in the most wilde Deserts, those she has resolved to persecute.

About the latter end of *Autumn*, when the winds begin to grow formidable at Sea, he went out to walk earlier than usual, there was a terrible Storm the night before, and the Sea that was yet agitated, gave his raving fancy a pleasant diversion; he for a time considered the inconstancy of this Element, with the same reflexions he used to make upon his own condition. After this, coming nearer to the Strand, he saw several pieces of the Wracks of a Shallop, and casting his eyes about, to see if he could find no man that might yet want his help, he saw something glittering in the Sun newly rising, that he could not presently distinguish what it might be; which gave him the curiosity to look a little nearer, and coming to it, he found it was a Woman richly attired, lying all her length upon the Sand, as if the Sea had thrown her up there; she lay so, that he could not see her face: He raised her up to see if she had any life left in her; but how great was his astonishment, when he perceived, even through the horrors of death, the greatest Beauty his eyes had ever beheld; this Beauty increased his compassion, and made him desire

fire that she might yet be in a condition to receive some relief at his hands. At that very time *Alphonso*, who by accident had followed that way, came to him, and put his helping hand to succour her ; their pains were not in vain, for they found she was not yet dead, but they judged she had need of more powerful assistance then they could give her in that place ; therefore, being not far off from the House, they resolved to carry her thither : As soon as they had brought her thither, *Alphonso* sent for some Cordials and Women to assist her : As soon as these Women laid her in her Bed, *Gonsalvo* came again into her Chamber, and began to contemplate this unknown with more attention than before ; he was surprised with the lineaments of her Face, and the sweetness of her Countenance ; he viewed with astonishment the delicateness of her Mouth, the whiteness of her Neck ; and he was so charmed with what he saw of excellency in this Stranger, that he was ready to fancy that she was not a mortal ; he passed a great part of the night without being able to go from her : *Alphonso* advised him to go take some rest, but he answered, that he was so little used to find any, that he was glad of an occasion to be kept from looking for it in vain.

To

Towards break of Day, they perceived that this unknown Lady began to come to her self: She opened her Eyes; and, as the Light was at first troublesome to her sight, she turned it languishingly towards *Gonsalvo*, and gave him to see a pair of large black Eyes; of a Beauty so particular to themselves, that it should seem they were made of purpose to dart at once, both Respect and Love. A little while after, they found she began to recover her Senses, and to distinguish Objects: At the first, she was amazed at those she saw. *Gonsalvo* could not by Words, express his Admiration for her: He would make *Alphonso* look, and consider her Beauty, with that kind of Earnestness which we use to have for what surprizes and charms us.

But still she wanted the use of her Speech; *Gonsalvo* judging, that she might yet remain for sometime in that Condition, with-drawes himself into his own Chamber. He could not forbear making Reflexions upon this Adventure. I wonder, said he, that Fortune should offer a Woman to my sight, in the only State wherein I could not avoid her; wherein, on the other side, Compassion obliges me to take care of her: I even admired her Beauty; but, as soon as she is Recovered, I will not look upon her
Charms

Charms any other way, then as I would upon a thing of which she would make use of to betray more Hearts, and make more Men wretched. Great Gods! How many will she ruine? And how many has she already, perhaps, undone! What Eyes! What Looks! How I pity those that can be inflamed by them? And, How happy am I in my unhappiness, who by the cruel Experience I have had of Women, that I am sufficiently fortified against all their Charms? After these words, he had some difficulty to fall asleep; and that was but short too. He goes to see in what State the unknown Lady was: He found her much better; but she had not yet recovered the use of her Speech; and that Night, and the next Day passed, before she could pronounce one word. *Alphonso* could not forbear making *Gonsalvo* to understand, how much he admired his great care, and concern, for this Woman: *Gonsalvo* himself, began to wonder at it too; but he found it was impossible for him to stay from this fair Creature: He believed still, that she should have some considerable Change in her Distemper, to the worse, when he was not with her. As he stood by her, she pronounced some Words; at which, he felt a Gladness, and a Trouble: He came nearer to understand what

what she would say, while she was yet speaking; and was surprized, to hear her speak a Language, that was unknown to him: He at first perceived by her Habit, that she was a Forreiner; But, as it had some resemblance to that of the *Moorish* Women, and that they spoke the *Arabian* Tongue, he made no doubt, but to be able to make himself to be understood: He spoke to her in that Language; and was yet more surprized, to see she did not understand it: He spoke *Spanish* and *Italian* to her; but in vain: He judged by her attentive and troubled Aire, that she did not comprehend him any better: Yet she continued talking; and would stop now and then, as if she expected to be Answered. *Gonsalvo* hearkened to all her Words, thinking that he might understand something of her Meaning. He caused all that would, to come nearer to her, to find if none could understand what she said: He brought a *Spanish* Book, to see if she could read that Character; he found that she knew the Character, but could not understand the Language. She was sad and unquiet; and her Sadness added to *Gonsalvo's* Melancholly.

They were in this Posture, when *Alphonso* came into the Room, leading a very fair Person; dressed in the same kind of Habit, which

which the unknown Lady wore: As soon as they saw one another, they embraced with great Demonstrations of Kindness; she that *Alphonso* brought in, pronounced very often the name of *Zayde*, which gave them to understand that, that was the name of the unknown Lady; and *Zayde* pronounced as often the name of *Felime*, by which they found that to be the name of that Lady that came in last. After they had for some time discoursed together, *Zayde* fell a weeping with all the marks of a great affliction, and made signes with her hand they should all go out. After they had left the room, *Gonsalvo* went along with *Alphonso* to be informed where he found that other Stranger; *Alphonso* told him that the Fisher-men of their Neighbouring Cabbins had found her the same day in the like condition as he had found her Companion; they will have some satisfaction, said *Gonsalvo*, to be together: But *Alphonso*, what think you of these two Ladys? if we guess by their Garbe, they are of a rank above the Vulgar: But how came they to expose themselves to the hazards of the Sea in such small Vessels, for it was no great Ship they were cast away in? She you led to *Zayde*, has told her some News that afflicts her much; in fine, there must be something of

extraordinary in their fates; I believe so, said *Alphonso*, I am equally surprized with their adventure and beauty: You have not perhaps observed that of *Felime*, it is admirable, and you had happily been surprized with it if you had not seen *Zayde*.

After this discourse, they separate, *Gonsalvo* found himself more afflicted than usual, and felt that the cause of his sadness proceeded from his not being able to make himself to be understood by this Stranger; but says to himself, what have I to say to her? or what is it that I would know from her? Is it out of a design to inform her of my misfortunes, or a desire to learn hers? Can any Curiosity find place in a Man as wretched as I am? What interest can I take in the sad destiny of a person I know not? Why should I grieve to see her sad? Is it the evil that I have suffered that instructs me to commiserate those of others? No doubtless, it is this still and solitary retreat wherein I am, that gives me attention for such extraordinary adventures, which would not long take up my thoughts, if they had been diverted by any other objects.

In spite of this reflection, he passed all that night without sleep, and part of the day in much disquiet, because he could not see

see *Zayde*. Toward the Evening, they brought him word that she was up, and gone toward the Sea-side; he follows her, and finds her sitting upon the Shore with her eyes all drowned in tears: When he came near her, she rose and advanced towards him with much civility and sweetness; he was surpris'd, to find as many charmes in her Stature and Deportment, as he had before observed in her Countenance: She pointed to a little Barque she saw upon the Sea, and named *Tunis* several times, as if she meant to insinuate her desires, to be transported thither: He made signes to her, shewing her the Moon, that she should be obeyed when that Planet (which then did shine out) had twice finished her course about the Universe. She seem'd to comprehend what he said, and then gave her self up again to her tears.

The next day she was ill, and was not to be seen: He had not felt a day since his Abode in this solitude, longer, nor more tedious to him than this.

The next day (without knowing himself why) he left off that negligent dress which he had put on ever since his coming to that place; and as he was one of the Men of the World, the best shap'd, an ordinary plain dress set him forth more to the advantage,

than rich and magnificent Cloaths would do others. *Alphonso* met him in the Wood, and was astonished to find him in so different a garbe from what he used to wear; he could not refrain smiling, and telling him, that he was glad to find by his Habit, that his afflictions begun to grow less, and that he found in these Desarts some ease to his grief.

I understand you *Alphonso*, replied *Gonsalvo*; you believe that the sight of *Zayde* is that comfort I find to my Misfortunes, but you are mistaken; I have only for *Zayde*, that compassion which is due to her Disasters, and her Beauty: I have also a compassion for you and her, replied *Alphonso*; I pity her, and would be glad to be able to comfort her; but I am not so assiduous about her, I am not so observant of her; I am not so much concerned that I do not understand her; I have not so much mind to speak to her; I have been no more afflicted yesterday than I used to be, because she was not to be seen; and I am not to day less negligent in my dress than I have accustomed to be: In fine, since I am as susceptible of compassion as you are, and yet that there is so much difference betwixt us, it followes, that you must aile something more than I do.

Gonsalvo

Gonsalvo did not interrupt *Alphonso*, but seemed to examine himself upon these particulars, to find whether they were true or no. As he was upon the point of returning his Answer, one came to tell him, according to the directions he gave, that *Zayde* was gone out of her Chamber, and she was walking towards the Sea-side; then without considering that he was going to confirm *Alphonso's* suspicion of him, he leaves him to go after *Zayde*: He saw her at a distance, sitting by *Felime*, in the same place where he found her two days before; he had a particular curiosity to observe their actions, hoping thereby to dive into the knowledge of their Fortunes: He observed that *Zayde* wept, and *Felime* seemed to endeavour to comfort her; that *Zayde* did not hearken to her, but looked still towards the Sea, with such gestures, as made *Gonsalvo* imagine that she lamented for some body that might have been cast away with her: he had formerly found her weeping in that place; but as she had done nothing that might instruct him in the cause of her tears, he believed she had only wept for being so far distant from her Country; he then began to fancy, that those tears she shed, were for the loss of a Lover that might be drowned, and that it was to follow him (perhaps) that

she had exposed her self to the dangers of the Sea. Lastly, He fancied to know, as sure as if she had told him, that Love was the cause of her tears.

It is not to be exprest what *Gonsalvo's* thoughts produced in his mind, and the trouble which Jealousie caused in a Heart where Love had not yet declared it self: He had been in Love formerly, but had never been Jealous; this passion (that till then) had been unknown to him, made him feel its first effects with so much violence, that he believed himself struck with a grief that no other man ever had felt or known but himself. He passed (as he thought) through all the misfortunes that attended Man's life, and yet now he feels something more intolerable than any thing he had ever indured before. He has no freedom of reason left, he leaves the place where he stood to come nearer to *Zayde*, with resolution to ask her the cause of her affection; and though he was assured she could not Answer him, yet he forbears not to ask her. She was far from comprehending what he would say; she wipes away her tears, and walks along with him: The pleasure of seeing her, and being seen by her fair eyes, did calme the agitation wherein he was; he perceived the disorder he was in, and settled his countenance

nance the best he could. She named *Tunis* again very often to him, and shew'd a great desire to be transported thither; he understood but too well what she demanded of him; the thought of seeing her depart, began already to give him most sensible strokes of grief, and it was only by the pains which Love creates, that he perceives he is in Love, and his jealousy and fear of her absence, torments him before he knows that he is fallen in Love: He would believe that she should have just cause to complain of his ill Fate, if he did but find in himself an inclination to Love; but to find himself at one and the same time, not only in Love, but Jealous, neither to understand, nor be understood by her he Loved, to know nothing of her but her Beauty, to have a prospect of nothing else but of an eternal absence, were so many evils together, that it was impossible to resist them.

While he made these sad reflexions, *Zayde* continued walking with *Felime*; and after, having walked a pretty while, she went again to sit down upon the Beach, and begun to weep a fresh, looking upon the Sea, and shewing it to *Felime*, as if she accused it of the misfortune which made her shed so many tears. *Gonsalvo*, to divert her, shewed her some Fisher-men which were not

far off. In spite of the affliction and trouble of this new Lover, the sight of her he loved, gave him a satisfaction and joy which restored him to his former Beauty; and as he was less careless of himself than he used to be, he might deservedly draw upon him the looks and eyes of all the World. *Zayde* began to look upon him first with attention, then with astonishment; and after having a good while considered him, she turns to her Companion, and made her observe, *Gonsalvo* saying something to her. *Felime* looked upon him, and answered her with an action that shew'd she approved of what *Zayde* said to her: *Zayde* eyed him again, and spoke something to *Felime*; *Felime* did the like; in fine, by this manner of theirs, *Gonsalvo* judged that he might resemble some body they knew; this, though at first made no impression upon him, but found *Zayde* so taken up with this resemblance, that it was apparent to him, that amidst all her sadness, she took some content to look upon him, that he was convinced that he was like that Lover whom she lamented.

All the remainder of that Day, *Zayde* shewed divers signes, that confirmed this his Suspicion: Towards Night, *Felime* and she, went to search amongst the Remaines
of

of their Loss; and they looked so diligently, that *Gonsalvo* observed such Marks of Dis-satisfaction in them, when they could not find what they sought after, that he had new Causes of Disquiet. *Alphonso* took notice of the Dis-order he was in; and, after he had Conducted *Zayde* to her Apartment, he staid in *Gonsalvo's* Chamber.

You have not yet told me, said he, all your past Misfortunes; but, you must acknowledge those that *Zayde* begins to bring upon you: A Man so deep in Love as you seem to me, alwayes takes Delight to speak of his Love; and though your Evil be great, yet, perhaps, my Help, and my Counsel, may not be unserviceable to you. Ah my dear *Alphonso* (cryed *Gonsalvo*) How unhappy am I! How great is my Frailty? and, How unsupportable is my Despair! How wise were you, that could see *Zayde*, and not be in Love with her? I well perceived (Replyed *Alphonso*) that you were in Love with her, though you would not own it. I knew it not my self (answered *Gonsalvo*;) It is Jealousie alone, that made me sensible I was engaged in Affection. *Zayde* laments some lost Lover; which makes her every Day return to the Beach, to bemoan her Love, in the same Place she believes he was cast away. It is true, I am in love with *Zayde*; and

and *Zayde* is Enamoured of some other: This, of all my Misfortunes seems the most terrible to me; which I believed my self most free from. I did flatter my self, that, perhaps, her Grief was for no Lover; but I find her Affliction too great, to doubt of it. I am more-over perswaded, that what she so carefully looked for, was some thing that might come from that happy Lover: And, what seems to me more Cruel than all I have told, is, That I resemble him for whom she burns: She perceived it as we were walking: I saw Joy in her Eyes, when she saw any thing that might make her remember him; she shewed me twenty times to *Felime*, and made her take particular Notice of all my Features. What shall I say more? She looked upon me all the Day long; But, it was not I she saw, nor of whom she thinks: When she casts her Eyes upon me, I put her in mind of what I would fain have her to forget: I am, likewise, deprived of the Pleasure of seeing her fair Eyes glancing upon me; and she can no longer behold me, without tormenting my Heart with Jealousie.

Gonsalvo spoke all this so fast, that *Alphonso* could not interrupt him; but he gave over speaking. Is it possible, said he, that what you tell me, can be true; and that
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the Affliction to which you have used your self, does not represent to you this *Idea* of so extraordinary a Calamity? No *Alphonso*, I am not deceived (said *Gonsalvo*;) *Zayde* laments a Person she loves, and I put her in mind of him. My Fortune will not let me fancy to my self Evils beyond those she heaped upon me. She out-runs whatever I could imagine: She finds out those Afflictions for me, that are unknown to the rest of Mankind: And, if I had told you the whole course of my Life, you would be obliged to acknowledge, that I had Reason to maintain, That I was more unfortunate than you. I dare not tell you (said *Alphonso*;) that if you had not some important Reason to conceal your self from me, you would give me all the Joy imaginable, in acquainting me with what you are; and what those Misfortunes are, which you conceive to be greater than mine. I know, it is not just to ask you, What I do; without telling you likewise, what my Misfortunes are. But, pardon an unlucky Man, who has not concealed from you neither his Name nor Birth; nor would hide from you his Adventures, if it would avail you to know them; or if it were in his Power to declare them, without renewing Afflictions, which
many

many Years begin now with difficulty, to blot out of his Memory.

I will never press you (*sayes Gonsalvo*) to any thing that may give you trouble; but, I must blame my self, for not telling you who I am; Although I had taken a Resolution, never to discover my self to any Body, the extraordinary Merit I find in you, and the Gratitude I owe you for your Kindness, and your Care of me, obliges me to tell you that my true Name is *Gonsalvo*; and, that I am the Son of *Nugnes Fernando*, Count of *Castile*; whose Reputation, undoubtedly, has reached your Ear. Can it possible be (*cryes Alphonso*) that you should be that *Gonsalvo*, that was so Famous, even in his first Campagne, by the Defeat of so many *Moors*, and by such glorious Atchievements, as has made you to be admired by all *Spain*? I know the Rudiments of so Noble a Life; and when I retired into this Desert, I had already learnt, not without Astonishment, that in the remarkable Defeat, which the King of *Leon* gave *Ayda*, the bravest Captain the *Moors* had, you alone turned the Scale of that Victory to the Christians side: And that in mounting the first Man, the Breach of *Zamora*, you were the cause that Town was taken; which obliged the *Moors* to beg a Peace

Peace. The Solitude in which I have since that time lived, kept me ignorant of the Sequel of such Heroick and Glorious Beginnings; but I question not, but that they agree in all Parts. I did not believe (Replyed *Gonsalvo*) that my Name was known to you; and I esteem it a Happiness, that you are so prepossessed to my Advantage, by a Reputation I have not perhaps deserved. *Alphonso* then settled himself, with Attention to hear; and *Gonsalvo* began thus:

THE
History of *GONSALVO*.

MY Father was the most considerable Man in the Court of *Leon*, when he made me appear there with an Equipage suitable to his Quality. My Inclination, my Age, and my Duty, fixed me near the Prince *Don Garcia*, the Kings Eldest Son: This Prince is Young, Handsome, and Ambitious; and his good Qualities are far greater, than his Defects; And it may truly be said, That he has none, but what his Passions prompts him to: I was so happy, as to be very well with him, though I did not deserve it: And, I did endeavour afterwards,

terwards, to become worthy of his Favour, by my Services and Fidelity to him. It was my good Fortune, to be near enough to his Person, in the first Warrs, to rescue him out of an eminent Danger, to which his too rash Valour had exposed him: This Service added to the Kindness he had for me. He loved me more like a Brother, than a Subject: He concealed nothing from me; He denyed me nothing: And, he let all the World see, that to gain his Love, they must be beloved by *Gonsalvo*: A Favour so great, joyned to the considerable Rank in which my Father stood, raised our House to so high a pitch, that it began to give the King umbrage, and apprehension that it should grow too Great.

Amongst an infinite number of young People, that the hope of making their Fortunes, had made my Fellows; I had a particular Esteem for *Don Ramires* above all the rest: He was one of the most considerable of all the Court; but he was much inferior in Fortune, to me: It was in my Power to raise him equal to my self: I employed at all times, both my Father's Credit, and my own, to his Advancement: I used all my endeavours, to obtain him as great a share as I could, in the Princes Favour: And he of his side, contributed very much, by his
sweet

sweet and insinuating Behaviour, to second my Endeavours; insomuch, that next to me, he was the Man of all the Court, that *Don Garcias* shewed the most Kindness to. I made it my whole Delight, to improve their mutual Kindness; and both the one, and the other, had already felt the Power of Love: They often made themselves merry with my Insensibility; and reproached me, with my want of Inclination, as an unpardonable Crime.

I also Laughed at them, because their Inclinations were not Real: You Love, said I, that kind of Gallantry, which Custom has established in *Spain*; but you do not Love your Mistresses: You shall never perswade me, that you are in Love with a Person, whose Face you scarce know; and whom you would not know again, if you met her any where else, than at her Window, where you used to see her.

You urge the small Acquaintance we have with our Mistresses (said the Prince;) but we acknowledge their Beauty, which, in Love, is the Principal Verb: We judge of their Wit, first, by their Physiognomy; and then, by their Letters: And, when we come to see them nearer hand, we are charmed with the Delight of discovering what we had not yet found out. Every Word
that

that falls from them, has the Charm of a Novelty: Their manner of Delivery is surprizing unto us; and our Surprize awakens and increases Love: When those that are acquainted with their Mistresses, before they become enamoured of them, are so accustomed to their Beauty, and their Wit, that they are no more sensible when they are beloved again. You will never fall into this Misfortune, quoth I; But Sir, you shall have my consent to love all you do not know; provided, you give me liberty to love a Person, that I know so well, as to believe she deserves my Esteem; and may give me assurance to find in her, what may make me Happy when I am beloved again: I say, more-over, that I could wish she were not prepossessed in Favour of any other. And I (interrupted) *Don Ramires*, should take more Delight to conquer a Heart, that were defended by a Passion for another, than to vanquish one that never before had been ingaged. I should count this a double Victory; and I should be much more convincingly perswaded of the true Inclination she should have for me, if I saw it begin in the greatest Heat and Passion she might have for another. In fine, It would be an equal satisfaction to my Glory, and my Love, to Ravish a Mistress from a Rival. *Gonsalvo* is so
opposite

opposite to your Opinion (said the Prince); and judges it so bad, that he thinks it not fit to Answer you: And truly, I am of his side against you: But I am against his so particular Acquaintance with his Mistress: I should never fall in Love with a Person, that I had been used to see: And, if I am not surprized at first sight, I can never be sensible. I am of Opinion, That natural Inclinations do make their Impressions at the very first Moment; and, that those Passions that grow with time, cannot be truly called Passions. Why then (said I) it may be presumed, that you will never Love that Object, which you have not loved at first sight: And Sir, (added I, Laughing) I must bring you my Sister, before she is come to that Perfection of Beauty, to which, in all probability, she is like to arrive, to accustom your self to see her; that so, you may never be concerned for her. You fear then, I should have a Kindness for her, said *Don Garcias*. Never doubt it Sir, said I; Nay, I should think it the greatest Misfortune that could happen to me, if you should. What Misfortune can you find in that, Replied *Don Ramires*? That, said I, of not being able to joyne with the Sentiments of the Prince; For, if he should desire to Marry my Sister, I should never consent to it, by

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reason

reason of the Interest of his Greatness: And if he did not intend to Marry her, and she should nevertheless Love him, as without doubt she would, I should have the Displeasure to see my Sister the Mistress of a Master, whom I could not hate, though I ought to do it. Let me see her I pray you (interrupted the Prince) before she can make me in Love with her; For, I should be so troubled, to have Sentiments that might displease you, that I am impatient to see her, that I may assure my self, that I shall never fall in Love with her. I can no longer wonder, Replied *Don Ramires*, (addressing himself to *Don Garcias*) that you have not been in Love with all those fair Ladies that are Bred in the Pallace, and to whom you have been accustomed from your Infancy; But I must confess, I have been surprized, that none of those Beauties have had any Influence upon you hitherto: And above all, *Nugna Bella*, the Daughter of *Don Diego Porcellos*, that seems to me to be so likely to do it. It is true (said *Don Garcias*,) that *Nugna Bella* is very Lovely: Her Eyes are infinitely taking; She has a pretty Mouth; and the Aire of her Face is Noble and Delicate: In fine, I should have been enamoured of her, had I not been used to see her, even from the first Moment I begun to see.

But,

But, why (added the Prince) were not you in Love with her, *Don Ramires*, since you beleive her so amiable? Because (Replyed he) she never loved any Body else; I should find no Rival to dispossess her Heart of: And I have told you, that is the only thing that is able to Charm me: You must ask *Gonsalvo*, Sir, why he was not taken with her; For I am sure, he thinks her Fair: She has no Tye upon her; and he has known her now a great while. Who told you, said I, (Smiling, and Blushing withall) that I do not love her? I know not, Replyed *Don Ramires*; but by your Blushes, I perceive, those that told me were deceived. Can it possible be, cryed the Prince to me, that you are in Love? If you are, tell it me quickly, I pray; for, I am extream glad to see you seized with a Passion; of which, you make so little shew. Seriously, said I, I am not in Love; but, to satisfie you, Sir, I own, that I might be in Love with *Nugna Bella*, if I were a little better acquainted with her. If there be nothing else to obstruct your Love, but to be better acquainted with her, assure your self, that you are already smitten. I will never go without you to the Queen my Mother; and I will Embroile my self more often with the King; that the care which she alwayes takes

to make my Peace, may oblige her to send for me at particular Hours: In fine, I will furnish you with Opportunities enough, to speak to *Nugna Bella*, that you may be thoroughly in Love with her: You will find her very Lovely; and if her Heart be as well accomplished as her Understanding, you will have little else to wish for in this World. I beseech you Sir, said I, do not take so much Pains to make me unhappy: And, above all, let your Pretexs to visit the Queen, be any other than your embroiling your self with the King: You well know how often he accuses me, for your Transgressions; and believes, that my Father and I, to make our selves more considerable, do inspire that desire of Authority into you, which you take upon you sometimes, to his Displeasure. In the Humour I am in, to make *Nugna Bella* in love with you, I shall not be so circumspect as you would have me: I will take all opportunities, to carry you with me to the Queens Appartment: And though I have no particular Business, I will go thither immediately; and will sacrifice to the pleasure of making you in Love, a Night, which I intended to spend under those Windows; where, you believe, I know no Body.

I would not trouble you with the Particulars of this Conversation, sayes *Gonsalvo*

to *Alphonso*; but that you might see by the Sequel, that it was a kind of a Prefage of what has since happened.

The Prince goes to the Queens side; he found her with-drawn from all other Company, but the Ladies of her own Family; of which number, *Nugna Bella* was one: She looked so well that Night, that it should seem, that Chance favoured the Prince's Designs. The Discourse was genreal for a time; as the Ladies enjoyed more Freedome than at other hours, *Nugna Bella* spoke more than she used; and I was surprized to find her to have more Wit, than I observed in her before. The Prince prayed the Queen to go into her Closset, without acquainting us what he had to say to her: While she was there, I stayed with *Nugna Bella*, and several other Persons, without. I insensibly engaged her into a particular Conversation; and, though it was only touching indifferent things, there appeared in it, something more Gallant, than uses to be in the ordinary Discourses: We blamed altogether, the retired manner of Living, to which the Ladies in *Spain* are obliged to; as finding, by our own Experience, that we are deprived of some Satisfaction, in not having any where Liberty to entertain our selves. If I felt from that moment, that I begun to love *Nug-*

na Bella, she found likewise (as she told me after, that I was not indifferent to her; being of the humour whereof she was, her conquest over me could not be disagreeable to her; there was something so bright in my Fortune, that a person less ambitious than she, might have been dazzled with it; she never neglected to appear lovely before me, though she did nothing opposite to her natural haughtiness. Directed by the insight, a growing love inspires, I soon flattered my self with the hope of pleasing her, and this hope was as proper to inflame me, as the thought of finding a Rival well beloved was to cure me. The Prince was overjoyed to find that I applied my self to *Nugna Bella*; he every day gave me opportunities to entertain her; he was also willing I should tell her of the differences that were betwixt the King and him, and to instruct her in the way the Queen was to use to bring him to; condescended to what the King desired of him: *Nugna Bella* failed not to give the Queen these Advices, and as often as the Queen made use of them, she never wanted the success she desired, so that the Queen never undertook any thing in the Princes behalf, without first consulting *Nugna Bella*, nor *Nugna Bella* without acquainting me. Thus we had great opportunities

tunities of conversing with one another: and in those conversations, I found in her so much wit, prudence and agreeableness; and she likewise fancied in me so much Merit, and really found so much Love, that it kindled in us a flame that has been since very violent: The Prince would needs be my Confident, nor could I hide any thing from him: I feared only that *Nugna Bella* would be offended if I had told him that she shewed me any demonstrations of kindness; but *Don Garcias* assured me, that of the humour she was of, she would be no way displeased at it: He spoke to her of me; she was at first out of countenance, and in some disorder at what he told her; but as he judged right, the greatness of the confident, made her approve of the confidence; she accustomed her self to suffer him to entertain her upon the subject of my passion, and received by his hand the first Letters I writ to her.

Love was to us an agreeable novelty, in which we found all the secret charms that are no where to be had but in our first Love: As my Ambition was fully satisfied, even before I was in Love, this last passion was no way weakened by the former; I gave up my soul to this new pleasure, which till that time was unknown to me, and which I valued above all that Grandure

can bestow : *Nugna Bella* was not so, for these Passions took their Birth in her at the same time, and equally divided her heart ; her natural inclination was without question, more prone to Ambition than to Love, but as the one and the other had a reference to me, I still found in her all the ardour, and all the application I could desire ; not but that she was sometimes as much taken up with the Princes affairs, as she was with the concerns of our Love. For my part, being taken up wholly by my passion for her, I found out to my sorrow that *Nugna Bella* was capable of other thoughts : I complain'd to her of it, but I found that my complaints were fruitless, and produced nothing but a certain constrained Conversation which gave me to see that her mind was else-where engaged. Notwithstanding, having heard say that we could not be perfectly happy in Love, no more than in other things of this life, I suffered this Misfortune with patience. *Nugna Bella* Loved me with an exact Faith, and I could perceive in her nothing but contempt for any else that durst look upon her : I was perswaded that she was free from all those imbecilities to which other Women are inclined : this thought made my happiness so compleat, that I thought I had nothing further to wish for.

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Fortune had placed me in a rank worthy the emulation and envy of the most Ambitious; I was Favourite to a Prince whom I loved with a passionate inclination; I was beloved by the fairest Woman in *Spain*, whom I adored; and I had a Friend whom I thought faithful, because I made his Fortune. The only thing that troubled my happiness, was the Injustice I saw in *Don Garcias* his impatience to command, and to find my Father *Nugnes Fernando* of a turbulent unquiet spirit, and aspiring (as the King suspected) to raise himself above all other Authority: I was apprehensive to be engaged by the Lawes of Gratitude and Nature to persons that might draw me to do things that did no way seem just to me. In the mean time, as these were but uncertainties and imaginations, they troubled me but sometimes, and I eased my mind by communicating them to *Don Ramires*, in whom I had so much confidence, that I acquainted him with my very fears and apprehensions of things of the highest importance, and my fore-sight of dangers yet afar off.

But the chiefest occupation of my mind, was the design I had to Marry *Nugna Bella*: I had now a long time been in Love with her without presuming to make her that overture:

venture: I know the King would oppose it, because *Nugna Bella* was the Daughter of a Count of *Castile*, whose revolt was as much feared as my Fathers, and it was against the rules of policy to let them Unite by the ties of a Marriage. I knew likewise that my Father, although he was not averse to my design, would not consent to have my Marriage proposed, fearing lest that would increase the Kings suspicion, so that I was forced to wait a more favourable conjuncture; but in the mean while I did not conceal the Inclination I had for *Nugna Bella*: I spoke to her as often as I had opportunity, the Prince also spoke to her very often: The King took Cognisance of our intelligence, and took that for a State-affair that was but a Love-intreigue; he believed his Son did favour my design upon *Nugna Bella*, thereby to joyn the two Counts of *Castile* to his interest; he thought his Son meant thereby to form a Party considerable enough to beget him an Authority that might ballance his: He doubted not but that the two Counts of *Castile* would take his Sons part, in hopes to get themselves acknowledged Sovereign Princes: Lastly, the Union of the two Houses of *Castile* was so terrible to him, that he declared he would not have me by any means think of *Nugna Bella*,

Bella, and forbid the Prince in any wise to favour our Marriage.

The Counts of *Castile*, who perhaps were not innocent of all that they were suspected of by the King, but wanted power to shew their intentions, commanded us to think no more of one another; this command was most grievous to us: But the Prince promised us to make the King change his resolution in some short time; he ingaged us mutually to promise each other an eternal Friendship, and took upon him to find means to continue our commerce, and conceal our intreigue. The Queen, who well knew, that far from carrying the Prince to a revolt, we endeavoured with all our might to keep him within the bounds of his Allegiance, approved her Sons design for us, and favoured it as much as might be.

As it was no longer permitted us to speak to one another in publick, we sought after means to entertain our selves in private. I thought it to our purpose that *Nugna Bella* should be removed from her Apartment to another, whereof all the Windows looked into a Bye-lane, and were so low, that a Man on Horse-back might look in, and conveniently discourse without trouble of speaking very loud: I proposed this project to the Prince, he commended it to the

the Queen, she upon some specious pretence, causes it to be done as we desired. I came every day to this Window to wait the moment in which *Nugna Bella* could come to speak to me; sometimes I went away extremely charmed with the good esteem she had for me; and sometimes I parted in despair, to see her so much taken up with the Queen: Hitherto Fortune was constant to favour my designs; but she soon changed her course, to let me see that she could not continue a constant Friend to any Man.

My Father, who was fully informed of the Kings suspicion of him, resolved by a new Testimony of his Sincerity, to shew his Majesty how unjust his suspicions were: He designs to place my Sister in the Palace, notwithstanding the resolution he had before taken of leaving her in *Castilla*; a vain thought pushed him on to this resolve; he took a pride to shew to the Court a Beauty, which he believed to be one of the most accomplished of all *Spain*; never was any Father more fondly conceited of his Childrens Beauty, and drew from it a Vanity which might be call'd a great weakness in a Person of his quality; he brought her therefore to Court, and she was received into the Pallace.

Don Garcias happened to be a Hunting that day she came; he came at night to visit the Queen, without having seen any body that might give him an account of her: I was also there, but retired into a corner where he could not see me. The Queen presents *Hermesfilde* to him (so was my Sister called) he was surprized with her Beauty, even to admiration; he said, he never before saw in one person so much Beauty, so much Majesty, and so much agreeableness; and that, so white a skin, so black hair, and eyes of so delicate a blew was never seen before; that her bloming youth was accompanied with a becoming Gravity; the more he looked upon her, the more he commended her. *Don Ramires* observed his earnestness in praising *Hermesfilde*; it was not hard for him to judge, that I had the same thoughts of *Don Garcias* his actions; and seeing me at the other end of the Room, he came to me to speak of my Sisters Beauty: I wish there were none else taken with her but you, said I: as I was speaking these words, *Don Garcias* by chance came near me; he seemed to be surprised, seeing me, but he recollected himself, and talked to me of *Hermesfilde*, telling me that I had not described her so Beautiful as he found her: At his going to Bed
that

that Night, all the discourse was of her; I observed him with much care, and his not commending her with the same assurance the rest did, confirmed my suspicions of him; the following days he could not refrain entertaining of her; and the inclination he had for her, seemed to me to hurry him like a torrent to what he could not resist: I endeavoured to discover his thoughts without any serious application; one night, as we came out from the Queen, where he had entertained *Hermesfide* for a considerable time. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask you (said I) whether I have not been too backward to shew you my Sister, and whether she has not Beauty enough to cause in you those surprises which I was apprehensive of: I have been surprised with her Beauty (answered the Prince) but though I believe one cannot be concerned for her without being surprised, so I do not believe that any can be surprised without being concerned.

Don Gracías was resolved not to make me a more serious answer than my Question was; but as he was perplexed with my demand, and that he caught himself in it, there was a tone of disgust in his answer by which he gave me, to understand that I was not deceived in my judgment: And he likewise

wife found that *I* had perceived his passion for my Sister; yet he loved me well enough to conceive some grief to have embarked himself in an affair, that he knew must be displeasing to me; but he was too far engaged in Love to *Hermesilde*, to give over his design of creating as much Love in her; neither did *I* pretend that he should leave loving of her, for the Love of me; my thoughts were only to prepossess my Sister with what she was to do if the Prince should make her a declaration of his Love. *I* therefore gave her a caution in all things to follow the advice of *Nugna Bella*, which she promised to do: *I* therefore declared to *Nugna Bella* my disquiet about the Princes Love to my Sister; *I* told her all the unhappy consequences which *I* apprehended from it; she had the same thoughts, and promised me that she would keep so close to *Hermesilde*, that the Prince should find difficulty enough to speak to her; whereupon they were so inseparably without the least shew of doing of it purposely, that *Don Garcias* could never find *Hermesilde* without *Nugna Bella*; this difficulty was so troublesome to him, that he was hardly like the same man: As he formerly used to acquaint me with all his thoughts, and that he told me never a word
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of what most possessed then his mind; I quickly found a great alteration in his proceedings towards me.

Do not you admire (said I to *Don Ramires*) the injustice of Man-kind? The Prince hates me because he feels in his heart a passion that ought to displease me; and if he were Loved by my Sister, he would hate me more than he does: I well foresaw the Mischief that would befall me, if her Beauty should make any impression upon him; and if he does not change the inclination he has for her, I shall not be long his Favourite in the eyes of the publick, since I am no more so in his heart. *Don Ramires* was convinced of the Princes Love as well as I; but to blot out of my mind a thing that gave me pain, I know not (said he) what grounds you have to believe that *Don Garcias* is in Love with *Hermesfilde*; it is true, he commended her at first, but I saw nothing ever since in him that can make out his being in Love: And admit he should be in Love, what great mischief would there be in that? Why may not he Marry her? he is not the first Prince that has Married one of his Subjects, neither can he find any more worthy of him then she; and if he should Marry her, what an honour would it be for your House? It is for that very reason

son (said *I*) that the King will never consent he should Marry her; neither would *I* have it done without his Consent; and may be, the Prince himself does not aim at it; or, if he did, that he would not pursue it neither resolutely enough, nor long enough, to bring it to pass. In fine, It is a thing that is not feasible; nor will *I* suffer the World to believe, That *I* would hazard my Sister's Reputation, upon the ungrounded Hope of a Greatness, to which we shall never attain. If *Don Garcias* continues his pursuit of my Sister, *I* will carry her from Court. *Don Ramires* was astonished at my Resolution; He was afraid *I* should fall out with *Don Garcias*: He resolved to Discover to him my Sentiments; and fancyed, he might do it without my Consent, since his intention was to serve me: But, without doubt, the Desire he had to ingratiate himself with the Prince, and to creep that way into his Confidence, was no small Promoter of this Resolution.

He took his time to spake to him alone; He told him, He forced to commit an Infidelity against me, by revealing my Thoughts contrary to my Intentions: But that the Zeal he had for his Service, obliged him to inform him, That *I* believed he was in Love with my Sister; and that *I* was so

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much

much grieved at it, that *I* resolved to carry her away from Court. *Don Garcias* was so struck with *Don Ramire's* Discourse, and the thought of seeing *Hermenesilde* leave the Court, that it was impossible for him to conceal his first Transports: And therefore, believing that *Don Ramires* could no longer doubt of the Concern he had for my Sister, he thought best to acknowledge it; thereby to ingage him, to continue his Discoveries of my Designes, from time to time; but he was a while, before he could resolve to do this: At last, being confirm'd in his Intention, he Embraces him; and confesses, That he was in Love with *Hermenesilde*: He told him, That he had done what he could, to defend himself from being in Love with her, upon my Consideration; But, it was impossible for him to live, without being beloved by her: That he begged his Assistance to help him, to conceal his Passion, and hinder that *Hermenesilde* should be removed from Court. *Don Ramires*, his Heart was not of a Temper to resist the Carresses of a Prince, whose Favourite he was in Election to be: Friendship and Gratitude are too weak, to resist Ambition: He promises the Prince to keep his Counsel, and to serve him with *Hermenesilde*. The Prince Embraces him the second time; and they concert

together, how they were to demean themselves in the pursuit of this Enterprize.

The first Obstacle that occurs, is *Nugna Bella*, who never abandoned *Hermesfild*: They resolved to win her to their side; and, notwithstanding all the strict Tyes that were betwixt her and me, *Don Ramires* takes upon him, to find the Means to bring it about: But tells him, That it was necessary, that he should himself endeavour to blot out of my Mind, the Knowledge I had of his Passion: He advised him to tell me, by way of Joke, that he was glad he had found means to make me afraid for some time past, to Revenge himself of me, for the Suspicions I at first conceived of him: But, seeing this my Apprehension went too far, he would no longer let me believe, that he had any Sentiments, that I might disapprove.

Don Garcias approving of this Expedient, easily executed it: And, as he understood by *Don Ramires*, the things which gave me the most cause of Suspicion, it was not hard for him to say, he did them of purpose: And, it was almost impossible for me not to believe him. Thus was I thoroughly perswaded, and fancied my self better with him, than ever I was; yet I could not but think, that he had some Thoughts in

Heart, which he kept from me: Yet I fancied this was but a slight Inclination, which he had over-come; for which, I believed my self obliged to him, for having done it for my sake. In fine, I was very well satisfied with *Don Garcia's*; and *Don Ramires* was not a little pleased, to see me calmed, as he desired. Then he began to cast about, how he might bring *Nugna Bella* into the Confidence he wished of her.

Having considered a little with himself about the Means, he sought an occasion to speak to her; which she often gave him; because, she knew I concealed nothing from him, and that she might Discourse with him about our Concerns: He began to entertain her with his Joy, that the Prince and I were made Friends. She told him, She was as glad of it as he: For, that I found (said she) *Gonsalvo* so nice upon the Concern of his Sister, that I apprehended he might embroile himself with *Don Garcia*. If I thought Madam (said he) that you were of those, that were capable of concealing any thing from their Lovers, when it is necessary for their Interest, it would be a great Comfort to me, to speak to a Person as concerned as your self, in what regards *Gonsalvo*: I fore-see things that gives great Disquiet; and you are the only Person to whom

whom *I* may impart them: But, Madam, it is upon Condition, that you will not speak of them even to *Gonsalvo* himself. *I* do promise it you, said she; and you shall find me as secret, as you can desire: *I* know, that as it is dangerous to conceal some things from our Friends; so it is as dangerous never to conceal any thing from them. You shall see, Madam, (said he) of what Importance it is to conceal what *I* am going about: to tell you: *Don Garcias* has lately given *Don Gonsalvo* new Assurances of his Friendship; and has assured him, that he has no more Thoughts of his Sister; But *I* am very much mistaken, if he does not love her most passionately: Of the Humour this Prince is of, he cannot long conceal his Passion; and, of the Humour *Don Gonsalvo* is of, he will never suffer it should continue: He will infallibly anger the Prince, and quite lose his Favour. *I* must confess (said *Nugna*) that *I* had the same Suspicions: And, by what *I* have seen, and by certain things that *Hermesilde* has told me, which *I* would not let her acquaint her Brother with, *I* could not induce my Thoughts to believe, that what *Don Garcias* has, was but an Affectation, and a designe, only to fright *Don Gonsalvo*. You did very discreetly (said *Don Ramires*;) and *I* believe, Madam, you will

do well for the future, to keep *Hermesfide* from telling her Brother any thing of what passes betwixt her and the Prince, for it is both dangerous, and to no purpose to speak to him of it : If the Prince has but a moderate passion for her, he will easily hide it, and by your conduct *Hermesfide* will easily cure him of it ; *Gonsalvo* will know nothing, and so you will keep out of mortal apprehensions, and preserve him in the favour of the Prince : But if Don *Garcias* his passion be violent and strong, do you think it impossible for him to Marry *Hermesfide* ? and would you believe that we should do *Gonsalvo* ill Service, if what we keep from his knowledge, should be a means to make his Prince his Brother-in-Law ? Assuredly Madam, you must well consider, whether Don *Garcias* his Love to *Hermesfide* must be broke off ; and it concerns you more than any, by the interest you may have to see one day a person, your *Queen*, which in all appearance will be your Sister-in-Law.

These last words made *Nugna* see what she had not till then thought of ; the hopes of being Sister-in-Law to the *Queen*, made her believe there was more weight in Don *Ramires* his reasons than in truth there was : At last he managed her so well, that it

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was agreed betwixt them, that I should know nothing of their intreigue, that they would make an exact scrutiny into the Prince's Thoughts; and that, from what they should be able to discover of them, they would take their Measures accordingly.

Don Ramires, Transported with Joy, to have so well begun his Negotiation, gives the Prince an Account of what he had done: The Prince was over-joyed at it, and gave *Don Ramires* full power to say what he pleased of his Inclinations. *Don Ramires* now, plenipotentiary of the Princes Affections, returns immediately to *Nugna Bel-la*: He makes to her a long Narrative of his manner of bringing the Prince to acknowledge his Passion for my Sister: He adds, That he never saw Man so transported with Love: That he admired the Violence the Prince used to himself, for fear of displeasing me: That all things might be hoped from a Man so passionately in Love; But that it was necessary to give him some Hope, that his Love would succeed. *Nugna* gave full Credit to all *Don Ramires* had said; and promised him to serve *Don Garcias*, and employ all her Interest with my Sister, for him.

Don Ramires runs to the Prince with this Newes; which he receives with incredible Joy, and Embraced him a thousand times over; He could not forbear speaking to him; and wished, he might not be obliged to speak to any Body else: But that, he saw he could not in Prudence change his Conduct, nor his manner of Living with me. *Don Ramires* himself, took great care to conceal his new acquired Favour; and the Remorse of his Treachery, made him still believe that I suspected it.

Don Garcias soon found Opportunity to speak to *Hermenefilde*; He declared to her his Passion for her, with all the Zeal he could: And, as he was really in Love, he found no great difficulty to perswade her, that he was so. She was disposed to Entertain him kindly: But, after what I had said to her, she was afraid to follow the Dictates of her own Heart. She acquaints *Nugna* with all that passed betwixt the Prince and her. *Nugna*, for those very Reasons *Don Ramires* had alleadged to her, advised her to let me know nothing; and so to manage the Prince, as to inflame him more, and preserve his Esteem for her: She told her further, That what-ever Repugnance I might shew against the Princes Love to her; yet she might well believe, that I should be very glad of
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what was like to be so advantageous to me, but that for certain reasons I was unwilling to take any Cognisance of things until they were more advanced. *Hermesfilde*, who had an entire deference to all that *Nugna Bella* desired, was easily drawn to follow her conduct, and her inclination for *Don Garcias* was strongly supported with the hopes of a Crown.

This intrigue betwixt my Sister and the Prince was carried on with so much art and dexterity, that except the first day or two that notice was taken of his commending her Beauty, none ever suspected that he had any inclination for her: He never entertained her publickly, for *Nugna* gave him opportunities of conversing with her in private: I perceived a decay in the Princes Friendship to me, but I did attribute it to the inequality and levity which is usual in young people.

Things were in this posture when *Abdala*, King of *Cordona* (betwixt whom and the King of *Leon* there had been a long Truce, begun the War again. The command of the Army belonged to *Nugnes Fernando* by the right of his place; and though the King were unwilling to place him at the head of his Troops, yet could he not take the command of them from him, without charging

charging him with some great Crime, or causing him to be clapt up: It's true, he might have given Don *Garcias* the command over him, but the King apprehended him more than he did the Count of *Castile*, and was affraid to see them both together with a great power in their hands.

On the other side *Biscay* began to revolt, wherefore he resolves to send the Prince against the Rebels, and *Nugnes Fernando* against the *Moors*: I should have been glad to serve under my Father, but the Prince would have me along with him into *Biscay*; and the King was more inclined to have me, with his Son than with the Count of *Castile*, so that I was fain to submit to what was desired, and to see my Father part before us. He was much troubled that I was not permitted to attend him; and besides many other considerable reasons that made him desire my being in his Army, his paternal Love was none of the least: The affection he bore to my Sister and me was infinitely tender; he carryed along with him our Pictures, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing us always, and of shewing the beauty of his Children, of which I believe I told you that he was very much enamoured. He marched against *Abdala* with a very considerable Army, but much inferiour

inferiour to that of the *Moors*; and instead of endeavouring only to hinder their passage in a place whereof the very Situation made his Army inaccessible; the desire of doing something extraordinary, made him hazard a Battle in open Campagne, where he could have no manner of advantage; his men was so totally routed, that he had much difficulty to save himself; all his Army was cut in pieces, all his Baggage lost, and the *Moors* perhaps never gained before so signal a Victory against the Christians.

They received the news of this overthrow with much regret, laying all the blame upon my Father, and not without reason; but as he was glad to humble him, he laid hold of this occasion; and when my Father desired to come to justify himself, he sent him word he would never see him more, and that he deprived him of all his Offices, that he might thank God that his head was not taken off; he had orders to retire to his own Estate. My Father obeyed him, and withdrawes into *Castilia* as full of rage and despair as an ambitious man, whose fortune and reputation had received so great a breach, could be capable of.

The Prince (by reason of a dangerous fit of Sicknes) was not yet departed for *Biscay*,
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the King Marches in person against the *Moors* with all the force he could bring together : I beg'd leave to wait upon him, which he granted, but unwillingly ; he would have heaped upon me all my Fathers disgraces, but as I had no share in his fault, and that the Prince still shewed much kindness for me, the King durst not Banish me into *Castile*, therefore I followed him, and Don *Ramires* staid with the Prince. *Nugna Bella* seemed to be neerly concerned for my Misfortune and our separation : I parted with the Consolation at least of believing my self beloved of the person of the World I most esteemed and loved.

The Prince being not in a condition to command, his Brother Don *Ordogno* march'd unto *Biscay* ; he was as unfortunate in his enterprize as the King was successful : Don *Ordogno* was defeated, and escaped narrowly with his Life. They overthrew the *Moors* , and forced them to beg Peace. It was my good fortune to do some considerable Services ; but I was never the better us'd by the King ; the reputation I had acquired, did not free me from the Contagious Ayre, with which Disgrace had blasted me : When I came to *Leon*, I easily perceived that Glory does not confer the same lustre as Favour does.

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Don *Garcias* (during my absence) had the advantage of seeing *Hermeneſilde* very often, but with that caution, that none perceived or took notice of his addreſſes; he ſought all means imaginable to pleaſe her; he gave her hopes that he would one day place her upon the Throne of *Leon*; he had, In fine, ſhewed ſo much affection towards her, that ſhe wholly abandoned her heart to him.

As Don *Ramires* and *Nugna Bella* were obliged to ſee one another often, the better to mannage this intelligence, and the Beauty of *Nugna* was of thoſe kinds that are not often ſeen without danger; ſo the admiration which Don *Ramires* had for her, augmented every day, and ſhe likewise was not a little taken with his Wit, which, to ſay the truth, was very agreeable. The particular commerce that paſſed betwixt them, and the continual occupation which the affairs of the Prince and *Hermeneſilde* gave her, made her leſs ſenſible of my abſence than ſhe could have promis'd her ſelf at our ſeparation.

As ſoon as the King was returned, he beſtowed all the places which *Nugna Fernando* had, upon Don *Ramires* his Father. I did upon that occaſion beyond what could be expected from a ſincere Friend; for al-
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though, after the Services I had rendered the King in these two last Wars, I might have pretended to those employments which were taken from my Father, yet I did no way oppose my pretensions to the Kings disposing of them.

I went to Don *Ramires*, and told him that the only consolation I had, after the loss of so many advantageous establishments taken from my Family, was the joy I had to see them confer'd upon his House; though Don *Ramires* wanted no wit, yet he could make me no answer; he was confounded to receive such marks of a Friendship which he knew he did not deserve; but I gave so favourable a construction to his Confusion, that his words could not be more perswasive to me. My Fathers employments being transfer'd to another Family, made the Court believe that his disgrace was for ever without remedy; and Don *Ramires* was now almost in my stead by the new Dignities his Father had received, and by the Princes favour towards himself: This favour appeared very plainly, notwithstanding all the care they both took to conceal it; and every body insensibly began to follow this new Favourite, and by degrees to leave me. *Nugna Bella's* affection was not so firmly settled, but that these

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alterations caused some change in it; my Fortune as much as my Person had laid the foundation of her Love for me: I was in disgrace, and she held for me, by the bare eyes of a Love, that was too weak long to hold a heart like hers. I found soon after a sensible decay in her affection towards me; I complained of it to Don *Ramires*, I spoke of it likewise to *Nugna Bella*; she assured me, that she was still the same for me as she had been; and as I had no precise cause of complaint, and that my suspicions took their rise from a certain ayre of neglect, which I imagined in all her actions: It was not hard for her to justify her self, which she did with so much cunning and address, that she re-assured me for some time.

Don *Ramires* entertained her upon the subject of my suspicions of her change, and spoke to her with design to find out whether she were so or not; without doubt, with a desire to know that I was not deceived in my opinion. I am not changed, said she; I Love as well as I ever did; but if I loved him less, it were injustice in him to complain; are we Masters of the beginnings or end of our passions? She spoke these words with an ayre, that assured him that she no longer loved me: This assurance

rance which gave Don *Ramires* some hope; made him open his eyes to contemplate the Beauty of this unfaithful Woman; of which he was so enamoured, that being no longer Master of himself, told her, she was in the right. We have no power, Madam, over our passions, for I feel one that draws me so forceably, that it is not in my power to resist it; but remember, it is your opinion, that it does not depend on us to oppose it. *Nugna Bella* easily comprehended his meaning; at which she seemed a little concern'd as well as he: As he had said it with premeditation, he was surpris'd at the effect it had; the remembrance of the Obligations he owed me, fill'd all his thoughts, and put him into some disorder, he cast down his eyes, and remained a while in a profound silence, and *Nugna Bella*, for reasons of the like nature, was silent likewise; they parted without any further discourse: Don *Ramires* repented him of what he had said, and *Nugna Bella*, that she did not answer him: Don *Ramires* went away so much troubled, and so out of order, that he was not himself; after recollecting himself a little, he began to reflect upon his own thoughts, but the more he examined them, the farther he found his heart engaged; he then began to consider the danger he exposed

posed himself to, by so often seeing *Nugna Bella*, he knew the delight he had taken in her Conversation, was of another nature than he had imagined. Lastly, he found he was in Love, and that it was too late to endeavour to suppress it.

The assurance he had that *Nugna Bella* loved me less, left him no force to resist his passion; he thought he had excuse enough to engage himself to her, when he knew her disengaged from me; he found some pleasure in undertaking to conquer a heart, of which I was no longer so absolutely possessor, but that he might conceive some hopes to gain it; but withall, that I had power enough over it to acquire him the glory of dispossessing me: However, when he came to consider that it was *Gonsalvo* that must be removed from this heart, that *Gonsalvo*, to whom he owed so true a Friendship; his thoughts made him blush, and opposed them so, that he believed he had conquered them, he resolved to say no more of his Love to *Nugna Bella*, and to avoid the occasions of speaking to her.

Nugna Bella, who had no other trouble, but for not answering Don *Ramires* as she ought to have done, made not so many reflections; she thought she had no reason to seem to understand what he said to her,

she believed she ought to have some kindness for a man, with whom she had such ryes: She said to her self, that he had not spoken to her with any design, though she had for a long time perceived the Inclination he had for her; but lest she should repent her, or be obliged to use Don *Ramires* ill, she undertook not to believe what she could no way doubt of.

Don *Ramires* followed the design he had taken for a while, but in vain, for he saw every day *Nugna Bella*: She was handsome, she no longer loved me; she used him kindly: It was impossible to resist so many allurements, he resolves therefore to follow the inclinations of his heart: He had no sooner taken this resolution, but all his former remorse vanished; the first Treachery he committed against me, made the second more easie; he had used himself to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to *Nugna Bella*: He tells her at last that he loved her, and he told it her with all the marks of an unfeigned passion, exaggerating to her his grief for transgressing against our Friendship; he inforces that he is hurried on by the most violent passion that ever man had; he assures her he does not pretend to be loved again, that he well knew the advantages I had over him, and the im-

impossibility of removing me out of her heart, but that he only begg'd the favour of her to hear him, and to help him to recover himself, and to conceal his weakness from me. *Nugna* promises the last, as a thing she thought her self obliged to, fearing least some mischief might happen betwixt us, and told him with a great deal of sweetness, that she could not grant him the rest. Believing she should be a complice to his crime if she should suffer the continuance of it; yet for all that she did suffer it; the Love he bore her, and the Friendship she had for him, drew her wholly to his side: I appeared less agreeable in her eye; she could see no great advantage in my Fortune, being threatned daily with an assured Banishment into *Castile*: She knew the King had always a mind to send me thither, and that the Prince opposed it only out of a point of Honour; she saw no likelihood of his Marrying *Hermensild*; she was still his Confident in the Love he had for her; and by this and Don *Ramire's* Love towards her, she still kept her Credit with Don *Garcias*, she believed the King was less disposed than ever, to consent to our Marriage; he had no reason to oppose her Marriage with Don *Ramires*, she found in him the same advantages that recommended my Love to her;

and lastly, she concluded that reason as well as prudence did Authorise her change, and that she ought to abandon a man that was never like to be her Husband, for one that in all probability might Marry her; there needs not always so many reasons to warrant a Womans Levity. *Nugna Bella* therefore determines to engage in Affection with *Don Ramires*; though when she made that resolution, she was already engaged to him both in her inclination and her words; yet whatever her resolutions were, she had not force enough to let me see that she deserted me in the time of my disgrace.

Neither could *Don Ramires* resolve to declare his Treachery; it was agreed betwixt them, that *Nugna Bella* should continue to live with me after the same rate she had been used to do; and they believed that I could not easily discover her change, because as I told *Don Ramires* still the least of my thoughts, she being always told of them by *Don Ramires*, might easily prevent any cause of suspicion: They resolved also to tell *Don Garcias* how things stood betwixt them, thereby to engage him to their interest; *Don Ramires* took upon him to do it, though he could not resolve it without trouble, for the shame, and the fear of being discountenanced embarashed him. But the

the Confidence Don *Garcias* put in him; and the power he gave him to mannage his Love, gave him some assurance: The truth is, that he managed the Prince as he pleased; he engages him, even to speak a good word for him to *Nugna Bella*, so that this new Favourite had his Master for his Confident; as he was his Masters, *Nugna Bella*, who apprehended that the Prince would condemn her Inconstancy, was ravished to find him rather a promoter of it; they redoubled their Bonds of mutual fidelity to one another; they then take their measures how to conceal this intelligence; she resolved that, seeing the particular Whisperings of Don *Ramires* and the Prince might give me some Jealousie, because in appearance they ought to keep no secret from me, that Don *Ramires* should come to the Prince by a back Stair, at such times as he had none with him, and that they should never speak any thing before me of their intreigue: Thus was I betrayed and forsaken by all those I loved best, without being able to suspect them in the least.

All I was in pain for, was only because I fancied some change in *Nugna Bella's* heart; if I complained to Don *Ramires*, Don *Ramires* gave her notice of it, that she might counterfeit better; but when I seemed at

ease, he was unquiet, he feared still I had regained *Nugna Bella*; then he would not have her act her part so well in Cheating me; she obeyed him, and neglected me more than ever: Thus he had his Rival complaining to him of the hard usage he received by his order. Sometimes he was very glad when he had desired her to put a constraint upon her self, to learn by my complaints that she had not constrained her self as much as he desired her. It was such a charm for his glory and his love to have ruined such a Rival as I appeared to him, and to see my quiet depend upon the least word of his mouth, that were it not for his extream Jealousie, he would be the happiest man in the world.

While I was taken up with my Amour, my Father was busied by his Ambition; he had made so many Cabals, and so many intregues in the time of his Exile, that he believed himself in a condition to revolt openly; but before all, I was to be drawn from Court, I was too dear, and too considerable a pledge to him to leave me in the Kings hands, when he intended to declare War against him: He was not so apprehensive of my Sister, because her Sex and her Beauty would protect her against all events. He sent me a person known in all his designs,

signes, to inform me how matters stood, and to command me to quit the Court in that very instant, without taking leave either of the King or Prince. This Messenger was strangely surpris'd to find me quite of another opinion than my Father: I told him that I would never give my consent to so unjust a revolt; that it was true, the King had dealt ill with *Nugnes Fernando*, in taking away his employments; but that this affront was to be endured, because he had in some measure deserved it; that for my part I was resolv'd not to leave the Court, nor ever to take Arms against my King: This Messenger carry'd back my Answer to my Father, he was outrageously mad to see so many great designs quash'd to nothing by my disobedience alone: He sent me back word, that (though he never intended it) he would pursue his enterprize; and that since I had so little obedience for his will, he would not change his resolution, though the King of *Leon* were to cut off my head.

In the mean time Don *Ramires*, his passion for *Nugna Bella* grew still, and he could no longer indure the manner of her conversation with me, though he saw it necessary: Well Madam, says he to her one day, after she had entertained me a pretty while,

you look upon him still with the same kindness that you used to do, you speak to him after the same manner, you write to him the same kind things; who shall assure me, that it is no more with the same heart? He once pleased you, and that's enough to find the way of doing it again. But you know (said she) I do but what you would have me; that is true, replied he, and that is it which renders my misfortune insupportable, that I must in prudence advise you to do those things, which when you do them, puts me into despair; it is unheard, that a Lover ever gave his consent that his Rival should be kindly treated. Madam, I can no longer endure that you should look upon *Gonsalvo*; there is nothing I would not attempt to ruine him, rather than live in the condition I am in; for after having rob'd him of your heart, I ought not much to scruple cutting his Throat: Your Passion (answered *Nugna Bella*) is too violent to hold; you will first consider how many important secrets you will discover before you fall out with Don *Gonsalvo*, and to what Reproaches you will expose your self. I see all that is to be seen Madam, said he; I see likewise, that if I must have but little sense to do what I propose, I must have none at all, to suffer a man e-
very

very way lovely, that once has pleased you, to spake to you every day in private; if I knew nothing of it, I should have the cruel delight of being deceived: But I know it, I see you speaking to him; it is I that brings you Letters, it is I that re-assures him when he doubts of your Affection: Ah Madam, it is impossible I should hold out any longer, using so much violence against my self: If you would contribute to my quiet, contrive it so that *Gonsalvo* may leave the Court, and the Prince would consent to send him into *Castile*, as his Majesty presses him every day. Consider, I beseech you, replied *Nugna Bella*, what an action you would have me do? Yes Madam, returned Don *Ramires*, I have considered it, but after all that you have done, it is no longer time to stand upon Niceties: and if you consent not to the Banishment of Don *Gonsalvo*, I shall believe I have more reason to endeavour his absence from you than I thought: Once more, Madam, by what arguments shall I be convinced that you love him no more? you see him, you speak to him, you know he Loves; your heart, you say, is changed, but your proceedings are not: In fine, Madam, nothing can re-assure me, but your endeavours to get him Banished, and as long as you shall appear

appear averse to it, I shall believe you use but little constraint when you tell him you Love him. Well then, said *Nugna Bella*, I have already committed many Treacheries for the Love of you, and I will add this too; but give me the means, the Prince every day refuses the King to let him be Banished, and there is little likelihood that he should grant it to so unreasonable a request as mine: He take upon me (said Don *Ramires*) to make the Proposition to the Prince, and provided you make it appear to him that you are consenting to it, I am sure to bring it about: *Nugna Bella* agrees to it, and that very night Don *Ramires* (under pretence of their common interest) proposes to the Prince to let me be sent away, and to make the King believe he did it in obedience to his commands: The Prince made no difficulty of assenting; he was inwardly so ashamed of what he had done against me, that my presence was a continual reproach to him of his weakness. *Nugna Bella* spoke to him as she had promised Don *Ramires*; they resolved that upon the first occasion the Prince should send his Father word that he would no longer oppose my Banishment from Court, provided it should be given out that it was done against his will.

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An occasion soon offer'd it self; the King was in passion against the Prince, for doing something against his order, and accused me for advising him to it: The Prince not daring to come into the Kings presence, pretended to be Sick, and kept his Bed for some dayes; the Queen (according to her custom) endeavoured a reconciliation, she came to her Sons Appartment to acquaint him with the King's complaints against him. Madam, these are not the true causes of the King's Anger, I know the reason, he has a strange aversion against *Gonsalvo*, he accuses him of all that displeases him, he desires to send him away; He will never be well satisfied with me, as long as I oppose his absence; I love *Gonsalvo* dearly, but I see I must be forced even against my will to consent to his Banishment, and to deprive my self of him, since I can purchase the Kings good will at no other rate. Tell him then Madam, if you please, that I consent he should be Banished, but upon condition that none know I have consented to it. The Queen was surpris'd at her Sons discourse: It becomes not me (said she) to think it strange that you should have a deference to the King's will, but I must confess I wonder how you can consent to *Gonsalvo's* Banishment; the Prince alleadged some bad reasons

sons in his own defence, and turned his discourse to another subject. Whilst they were speaking, one of the Queens Maids that was my Friend, and *Nugna Bella's* Woman, was by chance so near the Bed, that she over-heard all that the Queen and Prince said about me: She was so surprised, and so pensive to find out what might be the cause of so great a change in the Prince, that I came into the Room, and began to speak to her before she perceived me: I Laughed at her for her thoughtfulness: You ought to thank me for it, said she, I heard just now a thing that amazes me so much, that I cannot well comprehend it: *Elvire*, (for that was her name) then told me what she had heard, and amazed me much more than she had been; I made her tell it me over once more: As she made an end, the Queen went out and interrupted our discourse; I went out with her, and being not in a condition to remain with the Prince, I walked by my self in the Garden of the Palace, to make reflections upon so strange an adventure.

It could not enter into my imagination, that a Prince that always used me so well, would cause me to be Banished without some cause; I could not comprehend what should induce him to wish my absence; I could
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not guess what should make him profess a kindness for me, when he had none; nor could I believe that what I was told could be true, nor that Don *Garcias* could be so weak as to consent to my Banishment: As I loved him passionately, his change pierced me unto the very soul; and being not able to endure what I suffered, I went to look out Don *Ramires*, to have the satisfaction to make my complaint to him.

As I was going towards the Pallace, I met one of the Officers of Don *Garcias's* Chamber, whom I had placed with the Prince, and who was nearer to his person than any other. I bid him to go see if Don *Ramires* was not with the Prince, and to pray him to come to me presently; this Officer made answer that he was not there, and that, without doubt, he would not come thither until his accustomed hour, when every body else was retired. I was extremely astonished at these words; I thought at first I had not well understood them, yet I was sensible enough of them: Many things came into my mind, that made me suspect, that Don *Ramires* had some intelligence with the Prince, more than he ever told me; at another season I should not have such a thought, but what I had heard of Don *Garcias's* disloyalty, obliged me to
be

believe that all the world might be false: I asked this Officer, if Don Ramires came often to Don Garcias, when none else was there: He told me, he wondered I should ask him such a question, and that he believed I know well enough both their meetings and the subject of their private discourse; I replied I knew neither, and that I found it strange he would not before then give me notice of it: He thought I did but counterfeit my ignorance of all things, to discover whether he told me truth or no; and to let me see that he could conceal nothing from me, he told me the Princes Love for my Sister, and what share Don Ramires had in the carrying it on; he told me he had often heard them speak of it when they thought none was in hearing; and they learnt all the rest from him that was intrusted to carry the Princess Letters to *Hermonefilde*; thus I understood all that passed, except what concerned *Nugna Bella*. I need seek no more, cried I, (transported with rage) whence proceeds Don Garcias's change; the Treachery he commits against me, makes my presence insupportable to him. How! Don Garcias Love my Sister, my Sister suffers it, and Don Ramires is their Confident: At these words I stop'd, being unwilling this Officer should take notice

tice of my resentment, and forbid him to tell any body what he had informed me. I went home so full of trouble, that I was beside my self: When I found my self alone, I abandoned my self to my rage and despair; I was fifty times in the mind to stab the Prince and Don *Ramires*; I had all the transports of Fury and Vengeance that the excess of rage can suggest: At last, after recollecting my thoughts, to give my self the time to choose the fittest course for my revenge, I resolved to fight Don *Ramires*, and to perswade *Nugna Bella* to go with me into *Castile*, to obtain leave of her Father to Marry her; and as he had the same design of revolting, as I had, to joyn with them and incourage them to declare War against the King of *Leon*, and to overthrow that Throne which Don *Garcias* was to ascend; I fixed my resolve upon this determination, though it was contrary to all my thoughts untill that hour, but my despair hurried me to it.

I was to have waited upon *Nugna Bella* that very Night; I expected the hour of going with great impatience, and the hope of finding her sensible of my Misfortune, was the only thing that could give me all the solace I was capable of: As I was preparing to go out, a Man that she used to keep,

keep, and often brought me her Letters, came to me with one from her, and told me, that she was very sorry she could not see me that Night, for reasons, I should read in her Letter: I told him it was absolutely necessary that I should speak to her that Night, that I was going to write her an Answer, and prayed him to stay; with that I went into my Closet, opened *Nugna Bella's* Letter, where I found these words.

The Letter.

I know not whether I should return you thanks for the leave you give, to shew Don Gonsalvo some regret for his departure; I should rather have been glad that you had forbid it me, that I might have a reason not to do a thing that will give me so much constraint; though you have suffered through the manner I was obliged to use in entertaining him since his return, I have suffered more than you; nor would you doubt of it, if you knew how hard it is for me to tell a man, that I Love no more, that I love him still; when I am out of my Wits, that I ever Loved, and that I would redeem with my Blood, never to have pronounced, but for you, all those words which I must say to him: You will
know

know when he is further off, all the injustice you daime, and the joy you shall see me to have at his departure, will better perswade you than any thing I can say. Hermenefilde is angry with the Prince, because he yesterday did entertain a person for a great while, for whom she had already shewed some Jealousie, which was the reason she went not along with the Queen when she had been at his Apartment, he must not tell her he knows any thing of this, for I promised her to say nothing of it; she so truly Loves him, that my Letter was interrupted in this place by a thing that puts me into a mortal fright. One of my Companions, to day, heard all the Prince said to the Queen about Gonsalvo, and told it him at that very instant: She just now told me of it as a thing that doth both surprise and afflict me: It is impossible but that Gonsalvo suspects that you have known something of the Princes designs, and will find out a great part of the truth; consider what mischief that may do; this accident troubles me to that degree that I know not what I do: I am going to write to him that I cannot see him to Night, for I cannot expose my self to speak to him, before you have seen him, and I know from you what I must say to him; fare-well, Fudge of my trouble.

I was in such a passion after the reading of this Letter, that I knew not what I said, nor what I did; my Anger was raised to the utmost pitch of rage and fury at the discovery I had before made of so many Treacheries, but they were weak and inconsiderable to what chance had laid before me. I stood without speech or motion, and remained so for a long time; my thoughts were confused; my understanding was oppressed with weight of grief.

You are then Unfaithful *Nagna Bella*, cried I of a suddain; you joyn to your inconstancy the injury of deceiving me, and you consent I should be betray'd by those I loved above all the World, next your self; it is too much Cruelty at one time; my misfortunes are of the nature, that it were less shame to be overwhelmed by them, than to resist them. I yield to the Cruelty of the most unfortunate chance that ever persecuted man; I had both the force and the design to be revenged of an Ungrateful Prince, and an unfaithful Friend; but I have neither against *Nagna Bella*, I thought my self more happy in her than in all the World besides: But since she forsakes me, I am indifferent to all things else, and I renounce all thoughts of a revenge that can bring me no satisfaction: I was not
long

long since, the first man of all the Kingdom, by my Fathers and my own proper Grandeur, and by the favours of the Prince, believed my self well beloved by those whom I most esteemed : Fortune forsakes me, I am abandoned by my Master, I am deceived by my Sister, I am betray'd by my Friend, I lose my Mistress, and I lose her by the contrivance of that Friend : Is it possible, *Nugna Bella*, that you should leave me for Don *Ramires* ? Is it possible that Don *Ramires* should desire to take you from a man that loved you so passionately, and had so great a kindness for him ? Must you two joyn to rob me of one another, and not leave me the poor consolation of one of you, to whom I might make my moan.

Such cruel reflections took from me the use of my reason, the least of those misfortunes that fell upon me in that one day, was able to torment me mortally : This great number of sad accidents, put me out of my senses, I knew not which of them I should complain of most : He that brought the Letter from *Nugna Bella*, sent to tell me that he staid for my Answer ; I waked as it were out of a Dream at this message, and sent him word I would send an Answer the next day, and gave order none should come to me,

I again began to reflect upon my former condition, so cruel an experience had I of the inconstancy of Fortune, and the treachery of Men, inspired me with the design of renouncing for ever to all worldly commerce, and go to end my Life in some remote Desert; my grief suggested to me, that I had no other choyce to make: I had no where to go but to my Father; I knew the design he had of taking Arms, but for all my despairs, I could not resolve to revolt against a King that had never done me wrong: If I had only been forsaken by Fortune, I should take a delight to resist her, and to make it appear I deserved what she had given me. But after having been deceived by so many persons whom I so passionately loved, and of whom I thought my self so assured, what was there left me? Could I ever serve a Master better, or more faithful than I did Don *Garcias*? Could I ever love a Friend better than I did Don *Ramires*? Or could I be more in love with a Mistress than I was with *Nugna Bella*? and yet they have all betrayed me; I have nothing left but a resolute retreat to withdraw my self from the deceit of men, and the dangerous charms of Women.

As I was resolving upon this course; I saw coming unto my Closet Don *Olmond*,

a person of quality and worth, who always applyed himself to me; he was Brother to that *Elvire*, who gave me notice of the Princes betraying me, and had learnt from her just then what the Prince had said to the Queen; he was much surpris'd to read in my face the marks of so great an agitation and extream trouble of mind; he knew me too well to think that Fortune alone could so much discompose me; nevertheless, he believed that *I* was grieved at the Princes infidelity, and began to use Arguments to alienate my trouble: *I* alway had an esteem for Don *Olmond*, and served him upon several occasions, although *I* always prefer'd Don *Ramires* before him. The ingratitude of this latter, made me sensible of the injustice *I* did therein to Don *Olmond*: To make him amends, or rather to have the satisfaction of complaining of my Misfortunes, *I* told him the condition *I* was in, and all the Treacheries that had been committed against me: He could not chuse but be amazed at it, but not so much as *I* expected of *Nugna Bella's* infidelity; for he told me that his Sister, when she had informed him of the Princes Infidelity towards me, that *Nugna Bella* was without doubt changed, and that she concealed many things from me: Behold, Don *Olmond*, said *I*, shewing

him *Nugna Bella's* Letter, her change, and see what she has conceal'd from me; she sent me this instead of that she intended for me, and it is easie to judge that this was meant for Don *Ramires*. Don *Olmond* was so concern'd to see me in that condition, and my Misfortunes seemed to him so great, that he would not undertake to console with me, but thought it best to leave me to ease my sorrow by my complaints. Had not I reason, said I, to desire to know *Nugna Bella* well, before I should ingage my heart to love her; but I find I pretended to an impossibility, there is no diving into a Womans heart, they are ever Strangers to themselves; it is opportunity alone that can decide the controversie of their disagreeing thoughts. *Nugna Bella* believed she Loved me, but it was my Fortune and not me she loved; and perhaps she loves only that in Don *Ramires*: Nevertheless (cryed I) she has said nothing to me this great while, but what he gave her leave to say, it was to my Rival I complained of the change he caused in her; he spoke to her for himself, when I believed he spoke for me: Is it possible they should make me the object of their deceit? How have I deserved this from them? That perfidious Man betray'd me with *Nugna Bella*,

as he did with *Don Garcias* : I confided my Sister to their care, and they betray'd her to the Prince; this consent and union I found in them, which gave me much satisfaction, was but a blind to deceive me. O God (cryed I) for whom do you reserve your Thunder-bolts, unless it be for persons so unworthy to live?

After this violent transport of my grief, the Idea of *Nugna Bella* unfaithful, which left me nothing but indifference for all other misfortunes, put me into a sadness full of despair; I acquainted *Don Olmond* with my resolution of leaving all things; he was surpris'd at it, he did what he could to dissuade me from it; but I let him see that my resolutions were so fixt, that he thought it to no purpose to oppose them, at least in their first impetuosity. I took all my Jewels, and we got on Horseback, that we might get out of my House; before the King's Order for my departure could reach me; we rid untill Sun-rising: *Don Olmond* lead me to a House of one of his Servants, in whom he had great confidence; I pray'd him to leave me in that place, until Night, that I might take my Journey to the place whither I resolv'd to go: After along contest he promised to leave me, provided I would not quit that place until he return'd;

that in the mean time he would go to *Leon*, to know what effects my departure had wrought, that perhaps some alteration might have happened that might divert me from my sad resolution : He earnestly besought me to expect his coming, *I* consented, upon condition he should tell none that he saw me, nor knew where *I* was : Yet though *I* consented, it was rather out of an involuntary Curiosity, to know after what manner *Nagna Bella* spoke of me, then that there could happen any thing that might lessen my Misfortunes.

Go my dear *Olmond* (said *I*) see *Nagna Bella*, and if it be possible, know from your Sister what her thoughts are ; endeavour to learn, since what time she ceased to Love me, and if she has abandoned me only because Fortune forsook me ; Don *Olmond* assured me that he would do what *I* desired. Two days after he returned with a sadness, that gave me to understand he had nothing to say to me that might oblige me to change my design.

He told me all were ignorant of the cause of my departure, that the Prince as well as Don *Ramires* seemed to be much afflicted at it ; that the King believed *I* was gone, with his Sons private consent, and of intelligence with him : He told me he saw his
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Sister, that all I believed was true; that the recital of the particulars would but increase my grief, and therefore desired to be excused from the telling it. I was not in a condition to fear the increase of my Misfortunes; and what he would have concealed was the only thing that could give me some curiosity; I prayed him therefore to hide nothing from me; I will not repeat all he told me, because I have already told you the most part, to put my Narrative in some order: It was from him I learnt all those things (of which I was ignorant) while they were transacting, as you might judge. I will only tell you that his Sister informed him that the Night before my departure, as she came back from the Queen, where *Nugna Bella* had not appeared that Night, she went to *Nugna Bella's* Chamber, where she found her all bathed in her tears, with a Letter in her hand, that they were both surprised but for different reasons, that In fine, *Nugna Bella*, after a long silence, shut the Door, and told her that she would trust her with all the secrets of her Life, praying her to pity her, and comfort her in the saddest condition that ever poor Maid was reduced to; that then she discovered to her all that had passed betwixt the Prince Don *Ramires*, my Sister, and her, just as I told

told you; and that *Don Ramires* had just then sent her back this Letter which she held in her hand, because it was not for him, but intended for me, and that I had received that Letter she meant for *Don Ramires*, that by that Letter I had found out all that she had concealed from me for so long time.

Elvire told her Brother that she never saw any person so afflicted and troubled as *Nugna Bella*: She apprehended that I should acquaint the King with the intregue that was betwixt the Prince and my Sister, and that I would cause *Don Ramires* and her to be Banished from the Court, that above all things she feared the shame of my Reproaches, and that the Treacheries she had committed against me, made her hate me mortally.

You may well think, that what I came to learn of *Don Olmond*, would no way lessen my displeasures, nor make me change my intention. He pressed me with all the earnestness imaginable, and all the marks of an extraordinary Friendship, to let him go along with me to the Desert I intended to go to: I opposed it so strongly, that at last we separated; he left me upon condition, that in what part of the World soever I should be, I should oblige my self to write to him.

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He returned to *Leon*, and I parted with design to Embarque my self at the first Port I should come to. But when I was alone, left to the reflections of my Misfortunes, the remainder of my days appeared so tedious to me, that I resolved to go seek my Death in the Wars that the King of *Navar* had against the *Moore*s; I would be known by no other name but by that of *Theodirick*, and I was unhappy enough to acquire some glory which I did not look for, instead of that death which I sought after: The Peace was concluded, I re-assumed my former design, and your re-encounter made me change that dismal Wilderness, whither I intended to go, into a most pleasant retreat. There I began to find that quiet and tranquility which I had lost, not but that Ambition has been busie sometimes to tempt my heart, but what I had already tasted of the instability of Fortune, render'd it contemptible to me; and the Love I had born *Nugna Bella*, was so totally blotted out of my heart by the contempt I conceived for her, that I might justly say, I had no Passion for any kind of thing, although I had yet a great deal of Sadness left in me; the sight of *Zoyde* has ravished from me that sad tranquility which I enjoyed, & hurries me into new Misfortunes,

fortunes, much more cruel than those I have already experimented.

Alphonso remained both Surprised and Charm'd with Don *Gonsalvo's* story; I confess (said he) that I had conceived a large Idea of your Merits and Virtues, but I must acknowledge that what I have now heard, surpasses my former thoughts: I rather ought to fear (replyed Don *Gonsalvo*) that I have lessened the good opinion you had of me, by letting you see how easie I was to be deceived; but I was young, I was ignorant of the Court-Artifices, I was incapable of practising to them: I never Loved any but *Nugna Bella*, and the Love I had for her would not let me imagine that that kind of Passion could ever have an end, so that nothing could lead me to a diffidence neither of Friendship nor of Love. You could not defend your self, replyed Don *Alphonso*, from deceit, unless you had been of a suspicious Nature, and yet your suspicions (though never so well grounded) would seem to your self unjust, since you had not until then any cause given you of diffidence against any that might deceive you; and their deceit was carryed on with so much Art, that there was no appearance in reason of a fallacy: Let us speak no more of my past Misfortune (replyed *Gonsalvo*)

A Romance.

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(*alvo*) since I am no longer sensible of them. *Zayde* has taken from me, even the remembrance of them, and I wonder how I could call them to mind: But I could never believe that Beauty alone could make me in Love, nor be smitten by one that had other pre-engagements; and yet I adore *Zayde*, to whom I am so much a Stranger, that I know nothing of her, but that she is handsome, and that her heart bleeds for some other: Since I was deceived in the opinion I had of *Nugna Bella*, whom I knew, what can I expect from *Zayde*, whom I do not know? But what should I expect, or what pretensions can I have upon *Zayde*? She is utterly unknown to me; Chance threw her upon this Coast; she is impatient to be gone; I cannot keep her against her Will, without being both unjust and uncivil. Though I should detain her, what should I be the better for it, I should see her every day bewailing the absence of a Man that she Loves, and remembering him as often as she looks upon me. Ah, *Alphonso*, what a mischief is Jealousie? Ah, *Don Garcia*, you had reason, that is the only passion that surprises us, and strikes us of a sudden; all the other Passions are but Chains, by which we suffer our hearts willingly to be drawn away; all true inclinations plucks it
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from us in spite of us, and the Love I have for *Zayde* is a torrent that drags me, without leaving me the least power of resisting. But *Alphonse*, I make you spend the Night here in entertaining you with my sorrows, it is but reason I should let you now take your rest.

After these words *Don Alphonse* went to his Chamber, and *Don Gonsalvo* passed the rest of the Night without sleeping one moment. The next day *Zayde* seemed to be taken up with the desire of finding out what she had already sought after, but all her endeavours were to no purpose; *Gonsalvo* never parted from her, he forgot almost every moment that she could not understand him; he asked her the cause of her grief, with the same respect and circumspection, and fear of displeasing her, as if she had understood what he said: When he recollected himself, and had the displeasure of seeing she could return him no Answer, he thought to comfort himself by saying to her all that his Passion could suggest.

I Love you fair *Zayde* (said he) looking stedfastly upon her; I Adore you; I have at least, the satisfaction to tell you so without offending you; all your actions tell me that none durst declare it without incurring your

your displeasure, but that Lover, for whom you weep, has spoken to you (without doubt of his Love, and you have used your self to hear him: How many doubts might you resolve me, fair *Zayde*, in one word?

When he spoke to her in this manner, she turned her self sometimes towards *Fe-lime* with astonishment, as it were to make her take notice of a resemblance; which always surprised her: This was so piercing a smart for Don *Gonsalvo*, to imagine that he put her in mind of his Rival, that he would with all his heart renounce the advantages of his Beauty and good mean, to be rid of such a resemblance: This trouble was so insupportable to him, that he could hardly resolve with himself ever to see *Zayde* more, he had rather deprive himself of her sight, than to represent to her the Image of him she Loved; and her looks seemed so sayovrable to him, he could not indure them, he was so perswaded that they were not address'd to him; he would leave her, and spend whole Afternoons in the Woods, When he returned to her, he found her more angry than she used to be; he fancied consequently, that he saw some inequality in her behaviour towards him; but as he could not guess at the cause, he imagined

gined that the displeasure of being in an unknown place, caused the alterations that appeared in her humour; nevertheless he perceiv'd that the Affliction she was in the first dayes of her abode there, begun to lessen. *Felime* was more Afflicted than *Zayde*, but her sadness was always alike; she seem'd to be over-whelmed with grief, and endeavour'd to be alone, to entertain her self with her sad thoughts. *Alphonso* took notice of it sometimes to *Gonsalvo* with amazement; and he wonder'd that the excess of her Melancholly did not tarnish her Beauty. In the mean time all *Don Gonsalvo's* study was to please *Zayde*, and to give her all the Divertisements that Walking, Hunting, and Fishing could furnish; and she busied her self in all that could divert her; she spent her time, for some dayes, in making a Bracelet of her Hair, and when she had finish'd it, she fasten'd it about her Arm with that eagerness which people have for a thing they have finish'd: The same day that she put it on, she let it fall by chance in the Wood: *Gonsalvo* seeing her go out, went to follow her, and going along, he found this Bracelet, which he easily knew again: He was extream glad to have found it, and his gladness had been more compleat if he had received it from

from the hands of *Zayde*; but as he had no hopes of it, he thought himself happy to owe it to Fortune. *Zayde* having missed it, was coming back to look for it in the places she had passed; she made signes to Don *Gonsalvo*, what she had lost, and seemed to be much afflicted at it: Though he was in pain to cause her disquiet, he could not resolve to part with a thing that was so precious to him; he made as if he looked for it too, and at last obliged her to leave off her unnecessary search. As soon as he was gotten into his Chamber, he kissed this Bracelet a thousand times, and fastened to it a buckle of Diamonds of great value: Sometimes he went out to walk before *Zayde* was up, and when he found himself in a place where he believed no body could see him, he would untye this Bracelet the better to consider it.

One Morning, as he was thus busie, sitting upon a Beach that somewhat advanced into the Sea, he heard some body behind him; he turn'd about on a suddain, and was surpris'd to see it was *Zayde*: All he could do was to hide the Bracelet, but not so cleverly, but that *Zayde* perceived he had hid something; he fancied she saw what he had hid, he observed so much coldness and discontent in her looks, that he did no longer

doubt, but that she was angry with him for not restoring her Bracelet; he durst not look upon her, fearing least he should see her make signes to restore it her again, which he could not resolve to do: She seemed sad and out of order, and without looking towards *Gonsalvo*, she set her down, and turned her face towards the Sea; the wind blew away a Vail she had in her hand, unknown to her; *Gonsalvo* rose to take it up, but in rising, he let fall the Bracelet, which he could not tye again for fear of discovering it. *Zayde* turned her head at the noyse *Gonsalvo* made, she saw her Bracelet, and picked it up before *Gonsalvo* could turn that way; but he was infinitely troubled when he saw it in her hand, both for his concern of losing it, and for fear of her anger; nevertheless he took courage, seeing no more anger nor discontent in her Countenance, he rather fancied he saw something of sweet and pleasant: He was no less moved by the hope he conceived from *Zayde's* countenance, than he was a moment before, by his fear of having displeased her. She considered, with attention, the lustre of the Diamond Buckles that were fastened to the Bracelet; and after looking upon it a while, she undid it, and gave it to *Gonsalvo*, and put the Bracelet into her Pocket.

When

When *Gonsalvo* saw that *Zayde* returned him only his Buckles, he turned himself towards the Sea, and threw them in with a careless and melancholly ayre, as if he had let them fall in by chance. *Zayde* cryed out, and advanced her body, to see if there were no possibility of retrieving them, but he told her it was in vain to look after them; and because she should make no longer reflection upon what he had done, he offered her his hand, to lead her further from that place: They walked without saying any thing to one another, insensibly towards *Alphonso's* House, both of them so full of thoughts, that they seemed to desire to separate.

As soon as *Gonsalvo* had conducted her to her Chamber, he left her to think of his Adventure. Though *Zayde* did not seem to him as Angry as he had apprehended, he believed that the joy of finding her Bracelet had banished her discontent; so that his displeasure was nothing less, though he had a great mind to have the Bracelet; yet the fear of displeasing *Zayde* kept him from asking it, and left him oppressed with that kind of grief, which Love without hope, gives; all his Consolation was to declare his Grievances to *Alphonso*, and to blame himself for his weakness in being in Love with *Zayde*.

You are unjust (in your Accusations) against your self; *Alphonso* would say sometimes to him. It is not easie to defend ones self in the middle of a Desert, against the force of such a charming Beauty as *Zayde*: It is all you could be able to do in a great Court, where other Beauties might make a diversion, or where Ambition, at least, would claim a share in your heart: But did any Man ever Love without hope? Said *Gonsalvo*. And how can I hope to be Beloved, since I cannot so much as say I Love? How shall I be able to perswade it, since I cannot utter it? which of my actions shall be convincing enough to induce *Zayde* to believe I Love her in a place where I see none but her self, and where I cannot make her sensible I prefer her before all others? How shall I banish out of her mind what she Loves? by no other means but by her good liking of my Person: But my Misfortune has contrived it so, that the sight of my face preserves in her the memory of her Lover. Ah my dear *Alphonso*, flatter me not; nothing but meer folly could make me in Love with *Zayde*; and so much in Love, as to make me even forget that I was once before in Love, and was abused in it. I am of opinion (replied *Alphonso*) that you were never in Love before now, since you
 knew

knew not what Jealousie was, but since you Loved her. I had no cause of being Jealous of *Nugna Bella*, answered *Gonsalvo*, so well she knew how to deceive me. When a Man is seriously in Love, said *Alphonso*, he is Jealous without cause; you see it by experience in your self: make but a little reflections upon the disquiet that *Zayde's* tears does create you, and mark how Jealousie has put it into your head, that she laments the loss of a Lover, and not that of a Brother. I am but over-perswaded, (replied *Gonsalvo*) that I Love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the Ambition of this last, and her Application to the Princes interest, often abated of my Love. All that I find in *Zayde*, opposite to my Love, for example to believe, that she Loves another, and neither to know her heart nor her thoughts, cannot lessen my Passion for her. But *Alphonso*, am not I a Mad-man to Love *Zayde* much more than ever I did *Nugna Bella*; the success of the Love I bore *Nugna Bella*, was, I must confess, too cruel; yet every Man that is in Love, may have the like: There was no folly in Loving her; I knew her, & she was in Love with no body else; I was acceptable to her, I might have Married her. But *Zayde*, *Alphonso*. But *Zayde*, Who is she?

What can I pretend in her? Does not every circumstance else but her incomparable Beauty, condemn me of madness?

Gonsalvo did often entertain *Alphonso* with such like discourses: In the mean time his Love increased daily; he could not refrain letting his eyes speak after such a charming manner, that he believed he saw by those of *Zayde*, that their Language was understood; he found her sometimes in a kind of surprise that confirmed him in this belief: She could not make her self to be understood by her words, it was generally by her looks that she made *Gonsalvo* comprehend part of what she would say; but there was something so passionate and so charming in her looks, that *Gonsalvo* was all inflamed by them. Fair *Zayde*, he would say sometimes, If thus you look upon those you do not Love, What do you reserve for that happy Lover, of whom, I am so unhappy as to put you in mind? If he had not been possessed with these thoughts, he would not believe himself so unfortunate, nor would the actions of *Zayde* persuade him that he was indifferent to her.

One day, having left her for a while, he went to walk upon the Beach, and came back again to a Fountain that was in a pleasant part of the Wood, where she used

to go very often: As he came near it, he heard some noise, and he saw through the Boughs, *Zayde* sitting by *Felime*; the surprise, occasioned by this rencounter gave *Gonsalvo* as much joy, as if Fortune had brought him again to the sight of *Zayde* after a whole years absence: He approaches to the place where they were, and although he made a noise in walking, they talked with so much attention, that they did not hear him. When he was come before her, she seemed no less concerned than a person that had spoken aloud in a place where she was afraid to be over-heard, and forgotten that *Gonsalvo* could not understand her: The agitation this surprise had put her in, had in some measure added to the lustre of her Beauty: *Gonsalvo* having seated himself near her (being no longer able to contain himself) threw himself of a suddain at her feet, and spoke to her of his Love, in so passionate a manner, that she might easily know what he said without understanding his Language; and it was clearly seen by *Gonsalvo*, that she understood him well enough; she Blushed, and having made a sign with her hand, as if she would push him away, she rose with a cold kind of Civility, as if she would have him rise from a place where he might be incommoded. *Alphonso*

happened to walk by in that very instant; and she went towards him, without so much as looking upon *Gonsalvo*: He remained in that place without being able to rise from thence.

Thus, said he to himself, am I treated, when I am not looked on as the picture of my Rival; but you turn your eyes towards me, fair *Zayde*, after such a manner as would charm and enflame the whole World, when my Countenance puts you in mind of his. But if I do but presume to let you see that I Love you, you will not daigne to cast away so much as an angry look upon me; for you think me unworthy of the least glance of your eye. If I could but make you sensible that I know you bewail a Lover, I should think my self happy, and I confess my Jealousie would be sufficiently revenged by the displeasure you should have to hear it. Is it not for this, that I seem to you to be perswaded that you love something, that I may have the satisfaction to be assured by your self, that you love nothing. Ah *Zayde*, my Revenge is concern'd, and had rather give you opportunity to satisfy my Curiosity, than in the least give cause of offence.

Being taken up with these thoughts, he steeres his course towards the House, to
leave

leave the place where *Zayd* was, and that he might be alone in a Gallery, where he used to walk. He thought a long time upon the means how to make *Zayde* understand that he suspected she was in Love with some body else; but it was not easie to find a way, nor could it be well brought about, without the help of speech. After he had wearied himself with thinking and walking, he was going out of the Gallery, when a Painter, whom *Alphonso* employed to draw some Pictures, earnestly begged of him to view his work; *Gonsalvo* would have been glad to be excused; but being unwilling to anger the Painter, he stood still to look upon what he was drawing. It was a large piece, wherein *Alphonso* gave him order to paint the Sea, as it appeared from his Windows, and to make it the more pleasant, he represented therein, a Tempest; there appeared of one side, Ships foundring in the mid'st of the Sea; and on the other side, Ships dashed against the Rocks: Men were seen, endeavouring to save their Lives by Swimming; others already drowned, whose Bodies were cast upon the Shore. This Tempest put *Gonsalvo* in mind of *Zayde's* Ship-wrack, and made him bethink him of a way to let her understand what he thought of her Affliction: He told
the

the Painter, he must add some more Figures to those that he had already drawn; that he must in the first place, draw upon one of those Rocks (in the Picture) a young fair Lady, with her Body bending forward, over the body of a Man stretched out dead upon the Shore; that he must paint the Lady weeping as she looked upon this dead body; that there must be another Man drawn prostrate at her feet, endeavouring to persuade her to remove from this dead body; that this fair Person (without turning her eyes towards him that spoke to her) pushed him away from her with one hand, and with the other wiped her Tears. The Painter undertook to draw *Gonsalvo's* fancy, and began presently to design it: *Gonsalvo* was well pleased, and prayed him to work upon it with all speed, and so went out of the Gallery; he went to find out *Zayde*, not being any longer able (notwithstanding his late displeasure) to be separated from her: But he was informed, that at her return from walking, she was gone to her Chamber; and so he could get no sight of her all the rest of the day, for which, he was much Afflicted, and apprehended that she had deprived him of her sight on purpose to punish him, for presuming to make her understand what he had done. The
next

next day she seemed to him more serious than she used to be; but the following dayes, he found her as she was accustomed to be.

In the mean time the Painter went on to finish *Gonsalvo's* design, which he with impatience expected: As soon as it was made an end on, he led *Zayde* into the Gallery, as it were to divert her, by shewing her the Painter at work; he at first shewed her all the places which were already finished; after, he made her consider with more attention that Sea-piece, upon which the Painter was yet at work; he made her look upon that young Lady that lamented the dead Man; and when he saw that her eyes were fixed upon it, and that she seemed to know that Rock, whereon she used to sit so often; he took the Pensil out of the Painter's hand, and writ the name of *Zayde* over the young Lady, and that of *Theodoric* over the young Man that was upon his knees. *Zayde*, at the reading of what he writ, Blushed; and having looked upon him with eyes full of anger, she took a Pensil and quite blotted out that dead Man's Figure, of whom she thought *Gonsalvo* believed to be the subject of her Tears. Though he were sensible of the offence he had given *Zayde*, yet he was overjoyed

joyed to see her blot out the Man he thought so much beloved. Although this action of *Zayde's* might be judged rather an effect of her disdain, than a proof that she lamented no body; yet he found, that after the Love he had professed for her, she did him the favour not to let him believe that she Loved any other; but the small hope this belief gave him, could not destroy so many causes of fear which he believed he had reason to have.

Alphonso, that was no way prepossessed with any Passion, made very different reflections upon the actions of this fair Stranger, from what *Gonsalvo's* were. I find (said he) that you have no reason to believe your self unhappy; you are, without doubt, Wretched, to have placed your affection upon a Person which in all likelihood you cannot Marry, but not in the manner you fancy your self to be; and all appearances are deceitful, if you be not truly beloved of *Zayde*: It is true (replied *Gonsalvo*) that if I should judge of her thoughts by her looks, I might flatter my self with some hope: But as I have told you, she never looks upon me, but for that resemblance, which creates me so much Jealousie. I know not, Answered *Alphonso*, whether all that you think, be true or no; but
if

if I were in the place of him, you think she laments, I should not be very well satisfied, that my resemblance should make her look so kindly upon any man else, and it is impossible, that the Idea of another man should produce those sentiments which *Zayde* has for you : It is very natural for Lovers to hope, if any of *Zayde's* actions did already make him conceive any, *Alphonso's* discourse confirm'd him in it ; he begun to think that *Zayde* did not hate him, for which, he was extream glad ; but this gladness was of no long continuance , for he imagin'd, if she were a little inclined towards him, he ow'd it all to his Rivals ; he fancied, that having already lost the Man she Loved most, she had a favourable disposition towards another that might be like him : His Love, his Jealousie, and his Glory, could not be satisfied with an Inclination which he did not first create, but it proceeded only from that she formerly had for another : He believed, that although *Zayde* should Love him, she would only Love his Rival in him : In fine, he saw he should be wretched, though he should be sure to be beloved : Notwithstanding, he could not avoid being well pleased to see in this fair Strangers manner of proceedings, an ayre very different from that she had at first, and his
Passion

Passion for her was so strong, that let the marks of her Inclination proceed from what causes soever, he could not chuse but receive them with great transports.

One day, it being very fair weather, seeing she came not out of her Chamber, he went in to know if she would walk: She was writing; and though he made a noise as he entred the Chamber, yet he came near her without being perceived by her, and stood looking upon her as she writ; she turned her head by chance, and seeing *Gonsalvo*, she Blushed, and hid what she had writ, with so much hast, that it caused no small trouble in *Gonsalvo*; for he believed she could not have so much application, and be so much surpris'd for a Letter which had not something of mystery in it: This thought put him upon the wrack; he retires, and goes to find out *Alphonso*, to reason with him an adventure which gave him imaginations very different from those he hitherto had: Having sought him a great while in vain, of a suddain, an impulse of Jealousie made him return to *Zadye's* Chamber; he enters, but found her not there; she was gone into a Closet where *Felime* used to sit: *Gonsalvo* saw a piece of written paper half folded, upon the Table, he could not refrain taking it up; and opening
it,

A Romance.

III

it, he made no question, but that it was the same paper he had seen *Zayde* write a little before; he found in it the Bracelet of hair which she had formerly taken from him; she enters as he held the Paper and Bracelet; she advances towards him, as if she meant to take them from him: *Gonzalvo* retires a step or two back, as it were, to view them; but with a submissive action, that seemed to beg her permission: *Zayde* made signes that she would have them, but with an ayre so full of authority, that it was impossible for a Man (as much in Love as he) not to obey; he returned them into the hands of *Zayde*, but with the greatest regret imaginable, because he believed them designed for another: He was not able to command his Passion, he goes abruptly out of her Room to his own, where he found *Alphonso*, who came to him, having been told that he had been looking for him. So soon as they were seated; I am far more unhappy my dear *Alphonso* (says he) than I thought; that Rival, of whom I was so Jealous, as dead as I believed him, certainly is not dead; just now I found *Zayde* writing to him, and sending him that Bracelet which she took from me; she must needs have heard from him. There is certainly somebody hid here, that must carry her Letters

to

to him. In fine, all those hopes of felicity, which I had, are but imaginary, and proceeded only from explicating *Zayde's* actions wrong. She had reason to blot out that dead Man, for whom I made her conceive that she grieved : She knew too well, that he (for whom she wept) was not dead ; she was in the right, to be angry to see that Bracelet in my hands, and to be over-joy'd when she got it again, since she had made it for another. Ah *Zayde* ! it is cruelty to let me conceive any hope ; for you have given me leave to hope , and your fair eyes did no way forbid it me. *Gonsalvo's* grief was so great, that he could hardly end these words. When *Alphonso* had given him time to recollect himself, he pray'd him to tell him how he came to know all this ; and whether *Zayde* had in a moment found out ways to make her self to be understood. *Gonsalvo* told him what he had seen, how *Zayde* was discomposed when he had catched her Writing ; how he found the Bracelet in the same Letter she had been writing, and how she took it from him ; In fine, *Alphonso*, added he, none can be so concerned for an indifferent Letter : *Zayde* has no Commerce nor affair here, she can write of nothing with so much attention, but what passes in her own heart, nor was it

to

to me that she was writing; and now what would you have me think of what I saw? I would not (said *Alphonso*) have you think things so unlikely, which causes your so much disquiet: Because *Zayde* blushed when you surpris'd her a writing, you believe she writ to your Rival: For my part I believe she Loves you well enough, to blush every time she is surpris'd with seeing you near her; perhaps she writ what you saw, only to divert her self; she would not let you have it, because it would availe you nothing, since you cannot understand it; and I declare, I am not at all surpris'd that she took her Bracelet from you; for though I am perswaded she Loves you, I do believe her too discreet to give a Bracelet of her hair to a man that is a mere Stranger to her.

Nor can I comprehend what grounds you can have to believe that she intends to lend them to another; we have scarce been from her since her coming hither, no body has spoke to her, and even those that might speak to her, understand her not; how then would you have it, that she has heard from that Lover which creates you so much Jealousie, or send to him? I confess to you, said *Gonsalvo*, that I do torment my self more than I need, but the incertainty where-

in I am is insupportable to me; the incertainties of others are but small, they believe themselves more or less beloved, and I pass from the hope of being beloved of *Zayde*, to the belief that she loves another; nor am I sure one moment, whether what I perceive by her, ought to make me happy or wretched: *Alphonso* (said he) you take a pleasure in deceiving me; say what you will, she could write to no body but a Lover, and I should think my self happy, if (after what I have seen) I had that uncertainty, of which I complain, as of the greatest of all evils. *Alphonso* gave him so many reasons that his disquiet was ill-grounded, that at last he brought him in some measure to himself, and *Zayde*, whom they found walking, fully confirmed him: She saw him at a distance, and came towards them with so much sweetness, and with such obliging looks for *Gonsalvo*, that she dissipated a part of those troubles which she a little before gave him. The time which he set to this fair Stranger for her departure, which was the same that the great Vessels used to part from *Tarragona* for *Africk*, began to approach, which gave him mortal afflictions; he could not resolve to be instrumental in depriving himself of *Zayde*; and though he saw it a great in-
justice

justice to detain her, he had need of all his reason & his vertue to keep him from it: How (said he) to *Alphonso*, shall I for ever deprive my self of *Zayde*? this will be a farewell without hopes of returning: I shall never know in what part of the Earth to find her; she is resolved to go into *Africk*, but she is no *African*, and I know not in what part of the world she was Born.

I will follow her *Alphonso* (continued he); though in following her, I do not hope for the happiness of seeing her any more. Though I know that neither her Vertue nor the Laws of *Africa* will permit me to live with her, yet I am resolved to go to end my sad dayes in the places of her abode; it will be at least some comfort to me to breath the same ayre she does; happen what will, I am wretched, I have no certain Country, Chance staid me in this place, and Love will oblige me to leave it. *Gonsalvo* still confirmed himself in this resolution, notwithstanding all the pains *Alphonso* took to dissuade him from it; he was more perplexed than ever, for not being able to understand *Zayde*, nor be understood by her: He reflected upon the Letter he saw her writing, and he fancied it was written in Greek Characters, though he was not very certain of it: The desire

he had to be satisfied, made him think of going to *Tarragon* to find out somebody that might understand the Greek tongue; he had already sent several times to find Strangers that might be his Interpreters, but as he was ignorant what Language *Zayde* spoke, it was not easie to know of what Nation he desired to have, therefore the Journeys of all those he had sent, proving ineffectual, he resolves to go himself; and yet it was not easie for him to take this resolution, for he must have expos'd himself in a great Town, to the hazard of being known; and what was more irksome, he must leave *Zayde*; but the desire he had to be able to explain himself to her, made him pass over all difficulties; He endeavour'd to make her understand that he was going to fetch an Interpreter, and so parted for *Tarragon*. He disguis'd himself as well as he could, he went into those places which Strangers frequented; he found a great many, but their Language was different from that which *Zayde* spoke: At last he inquired if there were none that understood the Greek tongue; he that he spoke to, answered him in *Spanish*, that he was of one of the Isles of *Greece*. *Gonsalvo* pray'd him to speak his Language, he did, and *Gonsalvo* knew that was *Zayde's* Language: By good
for-

fortune this Stranger had no great business to stay him at *Tarragon*, he very willingly followed *Gonsalvo*, who gave him a greater reward than he durst ask or hope for. They began their Journey the next day very early, and *Gonsalvo* thought himself more happy in his Interpreter, than if he had the Crown of *Leon* upon his head.

As they went along, he begun to learn the Greek; the first thing he learnt, was, *I love you*: When he thought that he could say it to *Zayde*, and that she should understand him, he believed he could be no longer unhappy; he arrived betimes at *Alphonso's* House, he found him walking, he made him partaker of his joy, and asked him where *Zayde* was; *Alphonso* told him that she had been gone out a good while to walk towards the Sea side: He hastens thither with his Interpreter, he went straight to the Beach where she used to be; he was surpris'd not to find her there, but he suspected nothing; he walked after her as far as the Port, whither she was sometimes used to go; he came back to the House; he went into the Wood, but all in vain; he sent to all the places where he thought she might be; but when she could not be found, he began to have some fore-thoughts of his Misfortune: Night came on without

any tidings of her, he was in despair to have lost her, he was afraid some ill accident had befallen her, he blamed himself to have left her; in a word, there was no grief comparable to his, he was all the Night with Flambeaus up and down the Fields, and even when he was out of hopes to find her, he would not give over looking for her; he had been already several times at the Fisher-mens Hutts to know if none of them had seen her, but could learn no news of her. About break of day, two Women that were coming from a place where they lay all Night, told him, that as they came out of their Cabbins, they saw *Zayde* and *Felime* walking by the Sea-side, that the mean while a Shallop had put into the Shore, that some Men Landed out of the Shallop; that *Zayde* and *Felime* went back at the sight of these Men; but being called by these men, they came back to them, and that after having talked together a great while, and shewed by their gestures that they were glad to see them, they went all into the Shallop together, and put to Sea.

At this relation, *Gonsalvo* looked upon *Alphonso* with an ayre that expressed his grief far better than he could do with all his Eloquence. *Alphonso* knew not what

say to him that might moderate his sorrow; when all those that attended upon them were withdrawn, *Gonsalvo* broke silence, I lose *Zayde*, said he, and I lost her in the very instant that I was able to make my self to be understood by her! I lose her *Alphonso*, and it is her Lover that takes her from me, as may easily be conjectured by what these Women say; cruel Fortune, thou would'st not let me be ignorant of the only thing that could increase my sorrow for losing *Zayde*! I have lost her then forever, she is now in the Arms of a Rival she loves: It was to him, without question, she was writing that Letter which I surprised; and it was to inform him of the place where he should find her. It is too much, cried he of a sudden, it is too much, my Afflictions are great enough to make thousands wretched at once; I confess I am too weak to bear them all; and after having forsaken all things, I cannot endure to be more tormented in the midst of a Desert, than I have been in the midst of a flourishing Court: It is so *Alphonso*, added he, the only loss of *Zayde* has poured down a thousand Misfortunes upon me, far greater than any I have ever yet felt; is it possible that I must never more hope to see *Zayde*? If I knew, at least, whether I

was acceptable, or whether I was indifferent to her, my misery would not be so insupportable to me, and I should know to what kind of Melancholly I should abandon my self. If I was pleasing to *Zayde*, how can I think of forgetting her: ought not I to spend my dayes in running over all the parts of the Earth until I find her; but if she loves another, ought not I to use all my endeavours to forget her for ever: *Alphonso*, take pittie of me, endeavour to make me believe that *Zayde* loved me, or perswade me that I am indifferent to her: How, said he, should I be beloved of *Zayde*, and not endeavour to see her for evermore, that Misfortune would be greater than being hated by her: But, no, I cannot be unhappy if *Zayde* loved me, *Alas!* I should have found that out in that very moment in which I lost her; what-ever precaution she had taken, I should have dived into her thoughts, I should have known the cause of her Tears, her Country, her Fortune, her Adventures, and I should know now whether I ought to follow her or no, and where to find her. *Alphonso* knew not what to answer to *Gonsalvo*, so hard it was to resolve what to say that might calme the violence of his sorrow: At last, having represented to him, that

that he was not in a condition to determine any thing at that instant; and that he must make use of his reason to support his Misfortunes, he obliged him to go along with him home. So soon as *Gonsalvo* was in his Chamber, he caused his Interpreter to be called to expound some words that he remembered to have heard *Zayde* speak; the Interpreter told him the meaning of many words, and among others, those which *Zayde* used to speak to *Felime* when she looked upon him; he interpreted them so, as *Gonsalvo* was sure that he was not mistaken; when he believed she spoke of a resemblance, and he no longer doubted but that it was the Lover of *Zayde* whom he resembled. Upon this he sends for those Women that had seen *Zayde* go away, to know of them, if among those Men that carried her away, they had not observed any that was like him; there was no satisfying his Curiosity, for these Women were at too great a distance from them to mark any such resemblance; they told him only there was one whom *Zayde* embraced. *Gonsalvo* was struck to the heart at these words, in so much, that he was upon the point of precipitating himself into the design of following *Zayde* to kill her Lover before her face. *Alphonso* told him, that his design was

was as unjust, and it was impossible, that he had no jurisdiction over *Zayde*, that she was engaged to this Lover before she had seen him; that he might be perhaps her Husband, that he knew not in what part of the world to look for her; that if by chance he should find her, it was likely it must be in some Country where this Lover would have power enough to hinder him from executing the enterprise which his rage prompted him to. What would you have me do then, replied *Gonsalvo*? can you imagine it is possible for me to continue in the state I am in? I could wish you would bear this Misfortune which regards only your passion, as you have already supported that which concerned your Love and your Fortune: I have suffered too much already, Answer'd *Gonsalvo*, to be able to suffer any more; I will go in quest of *Zayde*, to see her, to know from her own mouth that she is in Love with another, and to dye at her feet; and yet I will not, for I should serve all my Misfortunes, if I went to look after *Zayde*, after having left me as she did, the respects and submissions I had for her, might have engaged her at least to send me word she was going to leave me, she was bound in gratitude to have done it; and since she did not do it, I must conclude

clude that she adds contempt to her indifference for me; I have flatter'd my self too much, when I fancied that she did not hate me; I must never think of following or looking after her; no *Zayde*, I will not follow you. *Alphonso*, I submit to your reasons; I see I must pretend to nothing else, but to end as soon as I can the remainder of a wretched life.

Gonsalvo seemed fixed in this resolution, and his mind was more calm; he was nevertheless in such a deep Melancholly as would draw pity from all that saw him; he would spend whole dayes in the places where *Zayde* used to be, and seemed to look for her there still: He kept his Interpreter with him to learn the Greek Tongue; and though he was perswaded he should never more see *Zayde*, yet he took delight in assuring himself, that if ever it should be his fortune to see her, he should be able to understand her; he learnt in few days what others are many years a learning; but when he had no longer this occupation, which seemed to have some relation to *Zayde*, he fell into a deeper Melancholly than ever.

He made frequent reflexions upon the severity of his destiny, which after having over-whelmed him at *Leon* with so many Misfortunes, made him now sensible of one
far

far greater than all the rest, in depriving him of the only person of the World, which alone was dearer to him than the Fortune, the Friend, and the Mistress which he had lost. In making this sad difference betwixt his present and his past unhappineses, he remembered him of a promise he made to Don *Alonso* to write to him, and whatever difficulty he found to think of any thing but *Zayde*, he judged he owed this mark of acknowledgement to a man that had shewed him so much Friendship, he would not let him know presently the place where he was, he only desired him to write to him to *Tayagon*, that his abode was not far from thence, that he found himself void of all Ambition, that he bore no Anger against Don *Garcias*, nor hatred for Don *Ramires*, nor love for *Nugna Bella*, and yet he was more unfortunate than when he parted from *Leon*.

Alphonso was very sensible of *Consalvo's* condition, he seldom parted from him, and endeavor'd all that he could to allienate his Affliction. You have lost *Zayde*, said he to him one day, but you were no way necessary to her loss; and as unhappy as you are, there is one kind of unhappiness which your Destiny has kept you a Stranger to, to be the occasion of your own wretched-

wretchedness, is that evil which is yet unknown to you, and which for ever shall be my punishment. If you can find any Consolation (continued he) to learn by my example, that you might be more unhappy than you are, I am willing to inform you of the accidents of my life; whatever grief so sad a Narrative may cause me. *Gonsalvo* could not chuse but shew a great earnestness to know the reasons that had obliged him to confine himself to a Desert: Thereupon *Alphonso*, to satisfy his Curiosity, and to let him understand that he was less wretched than himself, thus began the History of his displeasures.

The

The History of Alphonso and Bellasure.

MY Lord, you know my name is *Alphonso Xymenes*, and that my Family is of some esteem in *Spain*, being descended of the first Kings of *Navarre*; my design being only to acquaint you with the History of my last Misfortunes, I will not trouble you with that of my whole life, although there be many remarkable passages in it; but since, from that time I intend to speak of, I have been unfortunate only by the fault of other people, and not by my own, I will pass it over in silence; you shall only know that I have experimented all that the Infidelity, and the Unconstancy of Women can inflict of vexatious and troublesome, in so much, that I had no stomach to be in Love with any of the Sex; the commerce of Love seemed to me the greatest punishment, and though there were many handsome Women in the Court, who might have a kindness for me, I had none for them, but only those sentiments of respect which are due to their Sex. My Father, who was yet alive, and had a great desire to see me Married out of that

Chimera

Chimera, so ordinary to all man-kind to propagate their name. I was not utterly averse to Marriage, but the knowledge I had of Women, made me resolve never to Marry a handsome one; and having been so much perplexed by Jealousie, I was not willing to expose my self to the hazard of being plagued with that of a Lover and a Husband together. I was in this disposition, when one day my Father told me that *Belafire*, the Daughter of the Count of *Guenarre* was come to Court, that she was a considerable Match both by Birth and Fortune, and he did heartily wish to have her for his Daughter-in-Law: I told him, his wish was vain; that I had already heard speak of *Belafire*, and that I knew none could ever please her yet; that I knew likewise that she was very handsome, and that was enough to take from me all inclination to Marry her. He asked me if I had seen her: I answered him, that every time she had been at Court, it was my Fortune to be in the Army, that I knew her only by hear-say. Very well (replied my Father) if I were as sure that you would be acceptable to her, as I am perswaded that she will make you change your resolution of never Marrying a handsome Woman, I should not doubt of your Marriage. Some
few

few dayes after, I found *Bellasire* with the Queen; I asked her name, suspecting it might be she; and she asked my name, believing also me to be *Alphonso*. We both guessed what we inquired after, and we told one another so; we spoke to one another with more freedom than we should have done, or then is usual in the first Conversation: I found the person of *Bellasire* very charming, and her Witt far beyond what I thought it. I told her I was out of Countenance not to be better acquainted with her, and for all that, that I should be glad to know her no more than I did; that I was not ignorant how vain it was to endeavour to please her, and how hard a matter it was not to desire it. I added, that as difficult a thing as it was to make her sensible, I could not refrain from forming the design; if she ceased to be less handsome, but that while she was as I then saw her, I would never think more of her; nay more, I prayed her to assure me that it was impossible to please her, fearing least a vain expectation should make me change the resolution I had taken, never to ingage myself in affection to any handsome Woman. This Conversation that was something extraordinary, pleased *Bellasire*; she spoke favourably enough of me, and I spoke of her
as

as of a person in whom I found so much merit, and so much agreeableness above all other Women: I made stricter inquiry after all those that had made their addresses to her, with more application than ordinary: I learnt that the Count of *Lare* was desperately in Love with her, and that his passion to her lasted a long time; that he was kill'd in the Army; that he run headlong into dangers when he had lost all hope of Marrying her: I was told moreover, that many other persons had endeavoured to win her favour, but to no purpose; and that all people had given her over, because they thought it an impossible thing to thrive in their pursuit. I took no small delight in thinking of overcoming this impossibility; and for all that I had no design to endeavour it. But I saw *Bellafire* as often as I could possible; and as the Court of *Navar* is not so strict as that of *Leon*, it was not hard for me to find occasions of seeing her, and yet there was nothing of seriousness betwixt her and me: I spoke to her, laughing at the distance that we were at, and of the joy I should have, if she would change her face and her opinion: I imagined that my Conversation was not unpleasant to her, and that she was satisfied with my Wit, because she found I knew the depth of hers: Finding she had a

Confidence in me, that gave me full liberty to speak to her; I prayed her to tell me the reasons why she did so obstinately reject all those that made their addresses to her. I will tell you sincerely (said she): I was born with a natural aversion against Marriage, the ties whereof have alwayes seemed to me very harsh, and I believed that nothing but a passion strong enough to blind me, could make me tread underfoot all those reasons that seem to oppose that engagement. You will not Marry for Love (said she) and for my part, I cannot comprehend how any can resolve to Marry without Love, and that a very violent one; far from having a passion, I never had the least inclination for any Man. So that, *Alphonso*, if I am not Married, it is because I never Loved any Man well enough to engage me to it. How Madam (Answered I) no man ever pleased you? Your heart has never received any impression, it has never been discomposed at the sight or mention of those that adored you? No (said she) I am utterly a Stranger to all the impulses of Love: How! And of Jealousie too, said I? I, and of Jealousie too, replied she. Ah Madam (said I) if that be, I am perswaded that you never had any inclination for any Man. It is true (said she) that

no man ever pleased me ; no, I never found any bodies humour agreeable, or any way like my own: I know not what effects the words of *Bellasire* wrought upon me ; I know not whether *I* was already in Love without knowing it: But the Idea of a heart like hers, that never received any impressi- on, seemed so wonderful, and so new to me, that *I* was in that very instant struck with a desire to please her, to gain the glo- ry of touching a heart that all the world believed insensible. *I* was no longer that Man that begun to speak without design: *I* ruminated upon all that she had said, and believed that at the same time she told me she never found Man that could please her ; she excepted me. In fine, *I* had hope e- nough to compleat my intanglement, and from that moment *I* became more in Love with *Bellasire* than ever *I* had been with a- ny before: *I* will not repeat to you how *I* took the freedom to declare my passion to her ; *I* began to speak to her by a kind of Rallery, for it was hard to talk seriously to her ; and this Rallery gave me occasion to tell her things that *I* should not have durst to tell of a long time, so that *I* was in Love with *Bellasire*, and was happy enough to touch her heart, though not so happy as to be able to perswade her that *I* Lov'd

her: She was naturally diffident of all Mankind, though she considered me far above all those that she had ever seen, and by consequence, more than I deserved, yet she would not give credit to my words; but her manner of proceeding with me, was different from that of all other Women, and I found something so noble and so sincere in her ways, that I was altogether surpris'd at it: It was not long ere she confessed to me the inclination she had for me; she would tell me from time to time what progress I made in her heart; and as she concealed nothing from me that was for my advange, so likewise she told me what was against me; she would say, that she could not believe that I Loved Cordially, and that she would never consent to Marry me untill she was better satisfied of my Love: I cannot express the pleasure I took in finding that I had made an impression upon a heart that never was sensible of any before; and to see the confusion she was in, to find her self engaged in a passion, which till then, was altogether unknown to her: how charming it was to me to know the astonishment *Bellasire* was in being no longer Mistress of her self, nor having any more power over her own thoughts. I tasted in these beginnings de-
lights

delights beyond my hope or imagination; and he that has not known the delight of making a person violently in Love with him, that has never been sensible of Love, may say he never knew the true pleasures of Love. If I had great transports of pleasure to find out the inclination *Bellafire* had for me, I was also in terrible anxieties for the doubt she was in of my passion for her, and the impossibility I saw of perswading her to believe it.

When these thoughts disturbed me, I recall'd to mind the opinion I had of Wedlock, I found I was going to precipitate my self into the misfortunes which I so much apprehended: I thought I should have the affliction of not being capable of assuring *Bellafire* of the passion I had for her, or that if I did convince her, and that she should be truly in Love with me, I should be exposed to the Misfortune of being no more beloved passionately. I said to my self, that Wedlock would diminish the passion she had for me, and that she would love me no more than as far as duty required, and that perhaps she would Love some body else: The horror of being Jealous was so impetuous upon me, that notwithstanding the esteem and passion I had for her, I had almost resolved to quit the

resolution I had taken; and I preferr'd the Misfortune of living without *Bellasire* before that of enjoying her without being beloved of her. *Bellasire's* thoughts were almost as distracted as mine, she concealed nothing from me, no more than I did from her; we debated the reasons we had, not to engage one anothers Affections; we several times resolved to break off, and we took leave of one another, with intention to execute our resolutions, but our *Adieus* were so tender, and our inclinations so strong, that we were no sooner out of one anothers sight, but we were contriving how to see one another again. In fine, after many irresolutions on both sides, I at last overcome all *Bellasires* doubts, and she clear'd all mine; she promis'd to consent to our Marriage as soon as our Friends had agreed upon all things that was requisite for the consummating thereof: Her Father was forc'd to leave the Court before all things were concluded, for the King commanded him away to the Frontiers to sign a Treaty with the *Mores*, and we were forc'd to wait his coming back: I was in the mean time the happiest Man in the World; the Love I bore *Bellasire*, took up all my thoughts, and she loved me as passionately: I esteem'd her beyond all the Women in the world, and

and believed my self upon the point of possessing her.

I enjoyed all the freedom that a Man that was soon to Marry her could take. One day it was my Misfortune to pray her to tell me all that her Lovers had done for her : I took delight to observe the difference betwixt her manner of proceeding with them, and that she used with me. She named me all those that Loved her, she told me what they had done to please her; she said that those that were most constant in their pursuit, were those she least cared for; and that the Count of *Lare*, who Loved her to his death, was never acceptable to her. After what she had told me, (I know not for what reason) but I had a greater curiosity to know what concern'd the Count *de Lare* than all the rest; his long perseverance touch'd my imagination: I pray'd her once more to repeat what passed betwixt them; she did so, and though she said nothing that could displease me, I was seized with a Jealousie; I found, that although she had shewed no inclination, she had shewed a great deal of esteem for him; a suspicion took me in the head, that she did not tell me all the sentiments she had for him; I would not let her know what I thought, but retired home in a worse hu-

mour than I used to be; I slept little, I could not rest untill I saw her again the next day, and made her tell over again all she had told me the day before, it was not possible for her to tell me in an instant all the circumstances of a Passion that had lasted many years; she told me some things that she had not thought on before, and I believed she did it out of design of concealing them from me: I asked her a thousand questions, and I beg'd of her upon my knees to answer me with sincerity; but when, what she answered was as I would have it, I thought she said it only to please me; if she said any thing that was advantageous for the Count of *Lare*, I thought she concealed more than she would tell of him: In fine, Jealousie, with all the horrors that accompany it, seized upon my understanding; I afforded her no rest, I could no longer shew her either love or kindness; I could speak of nothing to her, but of the Count of *Lare*, and yet I was out of my Wits for making her remember him, and recall to mind what he had done for her sake; I resolved never more to speak to her of him, but I alwayes found that I had forgotten to make her explain her self upon some circumstance or other. As soon as I had begun this discourse, I was as it were in

in a maze, I could never get out of it, and my affliction was equally great in speaking of the Count *de Larc*, or not speaking of him.

I passed whole Nights without sleep, *Bellafire* was no more to me the same person: How, said *I*, what was the charm of my passion? Was it not the belief I had, that *Bellafire* never lov'd any thing, nor never had Inclination for any body? And yet by what she tells me her self, she had no aversion for the Count *de Larc*, she had too much esteem for him, and she used him with too much respect: If she had not been in Love with him, she would have hated him for the long Persecutions that he and his Friends raised against her. No *Bellafire*, you have deceived me, you were not such as I believed you; *I* adored you as one that had never loved any thing, that was the foundation of my Love. *I* find no such thing, it is just therefore *I* recall all the Love *I* had for you: But, said *I* to my self again, If she had told me truth, what a notorious injustice do *I* do her? And how much *I* plague my self in robbing my self of all the happiness *I* enjoyed in her Love.

While *I* was in these thoughts, *I* resolved to speak once more to *Bellafire*; *I* believed *I* should tell her better what grieved me, and
should

should satisfie my self in all doubts more clearly than ever: I did what I resolv'd, I spoke to her, but it was not for the last time, and the next day I took up the same discourse with more heat than I had done the day before: But *Bellasire*, who thither-to, with a most unwearied patience, and wonderful sweetness, had endured all my suspicions, and had endeavoured to clear them, begun to be tired with the continuance of a Jealousie so violent and so ill-grounded.

Alphonso (said she, one day to me) I perceive you have got a Capriccio in your head that will destroy the passion you had for me; but know, at the same time that it will inevitably ruine the Love I had for you. Consider, I beseech you, about what it is that you torment me and your self too about a dead Man whom you cannot fancy that I Lov'd since I did not Marry him; for if I had had but the least inclination for him, my Parents would have Marryed me to him, for there was nothing else that could hinder it. It is true Madam, that I am Jealous of a dead Man, and that is it that breaks my heart: If the Count of *Lare* were yet living, I should judge by your manner of usage to him, how you did use him formerly; and what you do for me
would.

would convince me that you did not Love him; I should have the pleasure in Marrying you, to deprive him of the hopes you have given him, notwithstanding all you can tell me; but he is dead, and dyed perhaps in an opinion, that if he had lived, you might have loved him. Ah Madam, I cannot but be unhappy every time I shall think that any other but my self could fancy that you could Love him. But *Alphonso* (said she) if I had Lov'd, why did not I Marry then? Because (answered I) you did not love him enough, and that the aversion you had for Marriage, could not be overcome by a weak Inclination. I know you love me much better than ever you loved the Count of *Larc*; but let your love for him have been never so little, it has destroyed all my happiness, since I am no more the only Man that has pleased you, nor am not the first that has made you sensible of Love; your heart has been fill'd with other thoughts than those I supplied: In a word, Madam, it is no more what made me the happiest Man in the World, neither are you to me of that value I first set upon you. Pray tell me, *Alphonso*, how you could live at ease with those you formerly were in Love with all? I would fain know whether you found in them a heart that never before

fore had felt any passion: I never sought for any such, Madam, said I, nor did I ever hope to find any; I never looked upon them as Women that could love nothing else but me; I was satisfied to believe that they loved me far beyond all others that they had had any Inclination for: But for you, Madam, it is not the same, I always looked upon you as one that was above the reach of Love, and who would never have known what it was, had it not been for me. I thought my self not only happy, but proud to have been able to make so extraordinary a Conquest: For pity sake leave me not in the uncertainty in which I am; if you have concealed any thing from me concerning the Count *de Lare*, confess it; the owning it, and your sincerity will perhaps, lessen the trouble which I may conceive for it: Clear my suspicions, and do not let me set a higher value upon you than I ought, or a less than you deserve. *Bellafire* made answer, If you had not lost your senses, you would easily judge that since I did not persuade you, I would never go about it; but if I could add any thing to what I have already told you, it would be an infallible sign that I never had any inclination for the Count of *Lare*, being I say I had not. If I had loved him,
nothing

Nothing should make me deny it; I should believe my self guilty of a hainous Crime if I should renounce any kindness I might have for a dead man who had deserved it; so that you may be assured, *Alphonse*, that I never had any that may displease. Convince me then of it, Madam, cried I, tell it me a thousand times over, write it to me; In fine, restore me again to the pleasure of loving you as I did, and above all, pardon me the vexation I give you; I torment my self more than I do you, and if I could redeem my self out of the state I am in, I would do it at the hazard of my life.

These last words made an impression upon *Bellasire*, she clearly saw I was not Master of my senses; she promised me to write down all that ever she thought or did for the Count *de Lare*; and though they were things that she had already told me a thousand times, yet I felt a certain pleasure to think that I should see them written with her own hand. The next day she sent me what she promis'd, I found an exact Narrative of all that the Count of *Lare* had done for her, and all she did to cure him of his passion, with all the reasons that might perswade me to believe what she alledged to be true. This Narrative was made after a manner that ought to have
cur'd

cur'd me of all my Caprichio's ; but it wrought a contrary effect upon me : I began with being angry with my self, for having forced *Bellafire* to spend so much time in thinking of the Count *de Lare* : Those parts of her Narrative, where she particularised his actions, were insupportable to me ; I thought she had too good a memory for the actions of a man that was indifferent to her ; those which she related cursorily, perswaded me that there was something more behind which she durst not own to me. In fine, I made a bad construction of all, and came to see *Bellafire* more enraged and more desperate than ever : She, that well knew I ought to be very well satisfied, was much offended to see me so unjust, which she made me understand with more force than she used to do. I, on the other side (as angry as I was) began to excuse my self as well as I could ; I saw I was in the wrong, but it was not in my power to be in a right sense : I told her that my extream nicety in what she might have thought of the Count *de Lare* was a true mark of the great passion and esteem I had for her, and that the great value I set upon her heart, made me so apprehensive of any body else having a share in it ; I said all I could think of to make my Jealousie

lousie more excusable: *Bellasire* would not admit of my reasons; she told me that slight doubts might arise from what *I* had told her, but such a long and obstinate Jealousie could be produced from nothing else, but from an ill humour, insomuch that she began to be apprehensive of living with me, and that if *I* continued in this manner, she should be forced to change her opinion. These Words made me tremble, *I* threw my self at her feet, *I* assured her *I* would never more speak to her of my suspicions; and *I* believed within my self, that *I* should be able to be as good as my promise; but it was for a few dayes only, *I* quickly begun again to vex her, *I* often ask'd her pardon, and as often made her think that *I* still believed she had loved the Count of *Lare*, and that this thought would render me eternally unhappy.

I had a long Friendship with a man of quality, called *Don Mauriques*, he was a Man of extraordinary merit; the ties that were betwixt us, had created a great confidence betwixt *Bellasire* and him, their amity was never displeasing to me, nay, *I* took pleasure in making it greater; he took notice several times of the ill humour *I* had been in of late. Though *I* concealed nothing from him, *I* was so much ashamed of my
Caprichio,

Caprichio, that I durst not own it to him: He came one day to visit *Bellasire*, where I was more unreasonable than ever, and she more weary of my Jealousie than she used. *Don Mauriques* knew by the changing of our Countenances, that we had some little quarrel. I always begged of *Bellasire* never to tell him of my weakness, and pray'd her again, as I saw him enter, to say nothing of it; but she was resolved to put me out of Countenance, and without giving me time to oppose her, she told *Don Mauriques* all the cause of my disquiet; he seemed to be so astonished at it, he found it so ill grounded, and he handled me so severely for it, that he put me quite besides my self: You shall be Judge Sir, whether I was not mad, and how prone I was to Jealousie; for it seemed to me that *Don Mauriques*, after the manner he condemned me, was prepossess'd by *Bellasire*: I perceived well enough, that I passed the limits of reason; but I could not believe that he would be so severe in his Condemnation, unless he were in Love with *Bellasire*. I fancied then that *Don Mauriques* had been so a great while, and that I seemed too happy to him for being beloved by her, that he did not think I ought to complain, though she had loved another. I believed likewise that

Bella-

Bellafire her self perceived that *Don Mauriques* had more than an ordinary Friendship for her. I fancied she was glad to be adored (as all Women for the most part are) and without suspecting her of Infidelity; I was Jealous of the Friendship which she had for a Man whom she believed her Lover. *Bellafire* and *Don Mauriques* seeing me thus distracted, were far from imagining what caused the disorder of my mind; they endeavoured with all the industry they could, to bring me to my self again, but their discourses rather aggravated my vexation. I left them, and when I was alone I represented to my self this new Misfortune; which I fancy'd far beyond the other; I found then my want of reason in apprehending danger from a Man that was no more in a condition to do me any harm. I found *Don Mauriques* every way a formidable Man, he was handsome; *Bellafire* had a great esteem and friendship for him, she used to see him often; she was weary of my ill humours and Caprichios, and me thought she was glad to make her self merry with him upon my score; that she would insensibly give him the place which I held in her Love; to say all, I was now more Jealous of *Don Mauriques* than I had been

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before of the Count of *Lave*. I knew he had been in Love with another Lady a great while; but this Lady was in all things so far inferiour to *Bellafire*, that his passion for her was no security to me. However, as my genious would not utterly abandon me so to my Caprice, but that there remained to me still, Witt enough to keep me in suspence, I was not so unjust, as to believe that Don *Mauriques* endeavoured in any wise to defeat me of *Bellafire*: I fancied he fell in Love with her unknown to himself, and without desiring to be so, and that he strove to resist his passion, because of the friendship that was betwixt us, and that although he said nothing of it to *Bellafire*, yet he gave her to understand that he Loved her without hoping a return. I thought I had no reason to complain of Don *Mauriques*, since I believed it was for my sake he forbore to declare his passion. In fine, as I was Jealous of a dead Man without knowing why, so likewise I was Jealous of my Friend, and believed him my Rival, without thinking that I had cause to be angry with him. It were in vain to tell you what I suffer'd by such extravagant thoughts, being it is easie to imagine it: When I met Don *Mauriques*, I excused my self

self for concealing from him the disquiet the business of the Count of *Lore* had created me, but told him nothing of my new Jealousie; nor to *Bellasire*, fearing least, if she knew it, she should utterly forsake me. Being alwayes perswaded that she still Loved me very much, I believed if I could command my passion, and keep my self within the bounds of Reason, she would not leave me for Don *Ramires*, so that the interest of my Jealousie oblig'd me to conceal it: I begged *Bellasires* pardon, and assured her that I had perfectly recover'd my right senses; she was glad to see me in that opinion at least, though the perfect knowledge she had of my humour, made her easily perceive that I was not so calme within as I outwardly seemed to be.

Don *Mauriques* continued his visits to her as he used to do, and somewhat more frequently, by reason of the freedom they used to one another in discoursing of my Jealousie. *Bellasire* having taken notice that I was offended at her for telling him of it, took care to speak no more of it in my presence; but if she saw me in an ill humour, she would complain to him, and pray him to help her to cure me. It was my ill Fate to take notice two or three times that she broke off her discourse with Don

Mauriques, at my coming into the Room; you may judge what such a thing would produce in a head as jealous as mine: For all this, I found *Bellasire* so kind to me, and seemed so glad as often as she saw me in a good humour, that I could not believe that she loved Don *Mauriques* so passionately as to hold a correspondence with him; neither could I fancy that Don *Mauriques* ever had a design to engage her to him, since I saw all his care was to hinder us from falling out; so that I could not well find out what their thoughts were for one another; many times I did not know my own; so in a word, I was the wretchedest of all Man-kind. Upon a time, as I came into the Room, she was whispering something to Don *Mauriques*, but so, as if she would not have me perceive that she spoke to him. I remembred then that she threatened me several times, when I persecuted her about the Count of *Lare*, to make me jealous of a living Man, to cure me of that I had of the dead; I belived it was to make good that promise, that she used Don *Mauriques* so kindly; and let me take notice, that there was a secret correspondence betwixt them. This opinion lessen'd my trouble, and made me forbear for some dayes to
speak

Speak to her of it; but at last, *I* resolv'd to declare my mind.

I went to see her with this resolution, and casting my self down at her feet, *I* said to her, *I* confess Madam that the design you had to afflict me, has had the success you expected: you have given me all the disquiet you can wish; you have made me feel, as you have promis'd, that the jealousy which is conceived of the living, is much more cruel than any we can have of the dead. *I* deserved to be punished for my folly, and you have done it sufficiently: If you did but know how *I* have been tormented for those very things which *I* believed you did of purpose, you would quickly see that you may make me unhappy when you please to go about it: What would you say, *Alphonso* said she? You fancy, *I* design'd to make you Jealous; do not you know that *I* have been too much afflicted for that you had against my will, to desire you should be any more so? Ah! Madam (said *I*) leave tormenting me, once more *I* tell you, *I* have suffer'd enough; and though *I* saw that your manner of conversing with Don *Ramires*, was only to execute the promise you made me, for all that, it was to me a most sensible affliction;

Alphonso, replied *Bellasire*, either you are out of your Wits, or else you have a design to torment me; you shall never persuade me that I ever intended to create you the least Jealousie, nor shall you convince me that you could have any. I would have you, added she, looking upon me, after having been Jealous of a dead Man whom I never loved, to be Jealous of a living Man that does not love me. How, Madam, said I, you had no intention to make me Jealous of Don *Mauriques*; you only plainly follow your inclination in doing what you do; was it not to give me cause of suspicion, your leaving of whispering to him, or changing your discourse when I come into the Room? Ah Madam, if that be so, I am more unhappy than I thought my self; nay, I am the most unfortunate of all Man-kind. You are not the most unhappy (replied *Bellasire*) but the most unreasonable of all Man-kind; and if I should follow the dictates of reason, I should break off with you this very moment, and never see you more: But is it possible, *Alphonso*, added she, that you can be Jealous of Don *Mauriques*? How can I be otherwise, Madam, said I, when you keep a correspondence with him which I must not know. I conceal it from you, said

said she, because you were angry when I spoke to him of your strange imaginations; and that I had no mind you should know that I spoke to him still of your ill humours, and of the dissatisfaction I receive from them. How Madam (said I) you complain of my humours to my Rival, and you think ill of me for being troubled at it? I complain to your Friend (said she) and not to your Rival. Don *Mauriques* is my Rival (replied I) and I cannot think that you can avoid acknowledging it; and I (said she) cannot believe you dare tell me he is so, knowing as you do, that he spends whole dayes in praising you to me. It is very true (said I) that I do not suspect that Don *Mauriques* does any way endeavour to undermine me; but that does not hinder but he may be in Love with you; nay more, I do believe he never yet spoke to you of his Love; but after the manner you use him, he will not be long before he speaks to you of it, and the hopes that your proceedings give him, will make him without scruple of Conscience pass over all the ties and obligations of the Friendship that was betwixt us. Can any Man be so void of reason as you are, answer'd *Bellasire*. Mark well your own words, you tell me Don *Mauriques*

speaks for you to me, that he is in Love with me, and that he does not speak to me for himself; where will you find things so contradictory? Is it not true, that you believe I love you, and that you are convinced Don *Mauriques* does so too? It is very true, answered I, that I believe both the one and the other. If you believe it, cryed she, how can you imagin that I can love you and love Don *Mauriques* too? Or that Don *Mauriques* can be in love with me, and love you still? *Alphonse*, I am infinitely troubled to find the disorders of your mind to be so exorbitant; I now perceive your disease is incurable, and that in resolving to Marry you, I must at the same time resolve to be the most miserable Woman of the world. Assuredly I love you very much, but not so much as to purchase you at so dear a rate; the Jealousie of Lovers is troublesome, but the Jealousie of Husbands is insupportable; you make me so plainly see what I am like to suffer, that I believe I shall never be Married to you. I love you too well not to be sensibly afflicted to see that I shall not (as I hoped) spend my dayes with you. Leave me alone I conjure you, your words and your sight do but increase my sorrow.

At

At these words she rose without giving me time to answer, and went to her Closet, and lockt the door, which she would not open upon no intreaty. I was forced to go home so desperate, and so irresolved in my own thoughts, that I wonder I did not run out of the little wit I had left me: I came next day to see *Bellaire*, whom I found sad and afflicted; she spoke to me without any manner of sharpness, nay, with great sweetness, but without saying any thing that might make me apprehend that she would abandon me; I thought she studied whether she should or no, as we easily flatter our selves, I believed she would not remain long in the mind she was in: I asked her pardon for my folly as I had done a hundred times before; I prayed her to say nothing to Don *Mauriques*; I Conjured her upon my knees to change her conduct with him, and not to treat him for the future so well as to give me disquiet of mind. I will not tell Don *Mauriques* (said she) any thing of your folly, but I will alter nothing of my way of living with him; if I thought he Lov'd me, I would never see him more, though you had never been concerned at it, but he has only a Friendship for me; nay more, you know he loves else-where; I esteem him, I love him, you have consented

I should, therefore the disquiet you receive upon his score, proceeds from your folly and disorder of mind : If I should satisfy you, you would quickly pick a quarrel with me upon some other Mans account, as you do upon his, therefore do not vex your self about my conduct with him; for assuredly, I shall not change it. I am willing to believe (said I) that all you say is true, and that you do not believe that Don *Mauriques* loves you; but I believe it Madam, and that's enough; I know you have only a Friendship for him, but it is a Friendship so tender, so full of confidence, esteem and liking, that although it should never rise to the height of a passion, yet I have reason to be jealous of it, and to apprehend that it may too much affect your heart : The refusal you make of altering your way of proceeding with him, gives me to understand that I do not fear him without cause. To shew you (said she) that the refusal I make you, does not concern Don *Mauriques*, but your Caprice only; if you desired me not to see the Man of the world which is most despicable to me, I would deny it you, as I do, to leave off having a Friendship for Don *Mauriques*. I believe you Madam (said I) but I am not Jealous of the Man of the world you despise most; it is of a Man, whom

whom you love well enough to prefer him before my quiet; I neither suspect you of weakness or change, but I must confess I cannot suffer that your heart should entertain any kindness for any man but my self; I am grieved also that you do not hate Don *Mauriques*, though you know he loves you, and I think it belongs to me alone to have the advantage over all others to love you without being hated, so that you must grant my request without being offended at my Jealousie. I said all I could think of, to induce her to grant what I desire, but all to no purpose.

Though I had been a long time Jealous of Don *Mauriques*, yet I had so much power over my passion, as to hide it from him; and *Bellafire* was so discreet, as to say nothing to him of it; but made him believe that my Chagrin was still caused by the Jealousie I had of the Count of *Lore*; notwithstanding, she held on in her old way of entertaining Don *Mauriques*; and he being ignorant of my thoughts of him, conversed still with her as he used to do, so that my Jealousie increased daily, and was grown to that height, that I persecuted *Bellafire* without intermission.

After I had thus persecuted her a long time, and that this fair Creature had in
vain

vain tryed all wayes to cure me of my Caprice: She fell sick, and was so ill, that for two dayes I could not be admitted to see her; the third day she sent for me, I found her much alter'd, but I thought that was caused by her indisposition: She made me sit down near a pallet Bed on which she lay; and having been silent for a good while, *Alonso* (said she) I believe you have perceived easily this good while; that I have been endeavouring to resolve absolutely to break off with you; yet for all I had many convincing reasons to induce me to it, I do not believe I should be able ever to do it, if you had not given me strength by the strange extravagancies of your proceedings. If this extravagancy were not so great, and that I could believe it were possible to cure you of it by a discreet behaviour, or the austere way of living, my passion for you was strong enough to make me embrace it with joy; but since I see that this disorder of your understanding is incurable, and that although you have no cause of being troubled, you fancy things that never were, nor ever will be, I am forced for your peace and mine, to let you know that I absolutely resolved to break off with you, and never to Marry you. I do tell you moreover, this time, which shall be the

the last that we shall have any particular converse together, that I never had any inclination for any man but for your self, and you alone were capable of making me in Love. But since you have confirmed me in the opinion I have, that none can be happy that is in Love with any man: You, whom I thought the only man worthy of Love, may be assured, that I will never be in Love with any Man more; and that those impressions which you have made in my heart, have been the only, and shall be the last it shall ever receive; nor would I have you believe that I have too much Friendship for Don *Mauriques*, I refused to change my conduct with him, to see if you would not recover your right senses again, and to give my self room to bestow my self upon you once more, being once assured that your distemper was capable of being cured; but I was not so happy, and this was the only reason that kept me from giving you that satisfaction: This reason being no more, I do sacrifice Don *Mauriques* to your desire, and therefore have prayed him never to see me more: I ask you pardon for telling him of your Jealousie, for I could not avoid it, and he would have found it out himself by the rupture betwixt us. My Father arrived last night, I acquainted him with my
reso-

resolution, he is gone at my request to inform your Father of it; so that, *Alphonso*, you must think no more of making me change this resolve: I have told *Don Mauriques*, what was requisite to strengthen my resolution before I told you of it; I have deferred it as much as I could, more perhaps for the love of my self, than for the love of you; and believe it, none shall ever be so absolutely, nor so faithfully beloved as you have been.

I know not whether *Bellafire* continued her discourse, but as my surprise was so great from the time she began, that I had not power to interrupt her; so all my strength left me at those last words which I told you, and swooned away: I know not what *Bellafire* or her Servants did, but when I came to my self, I found my self in my Bed, and *Don Mauriques* by me, as much in despair as I was.

When all the Servants were with-drawn, he omitted nothing that might justify him against all the suspicions I had of him, and that might show me how much he was afflicted for being the innocent cause of my Misfortune: As he had a great Love for me, so likewise he had a great feeling of my condition; I fell desperately ill; I then, (but too late) found out the injuries I did my

my Friend; I conjured him to pardon me, and to visit *Bellasire* to beg for pardon for me, and to endeavour to pacifie her. Don *Mauriques* went to her House, but was told she was not to be seen; he went every day while my sickness lasted, but to no purpose; as soon as I was able, I went thither my self, but I had the same answer: The second time I came, one of her Women came and told me from her, that I should come no more thither, for she would not see me. I was in despair when I saw no more hopes of seeing *Bellasire*; yet I alwayes believed that the strong passion which she had for me, would make her return again if ever I had but the opportunity to speak to her once more: But seeing she would not consent to speak to me, I lost all hope; I must confess, that to hope no more to possess *Bellasire*, was a most cruel pain to one that was so near it, and lov'd her so passionately. I sought all wayes to see her, she avoided me as carefully, and lived so retired, that it was altogether impossible for me to see her.

All the content I had, was to go and pass whole Nights under her Window, but I could not obtain so much as the satisfaction of seeing them open. I believed one night, as I came there to hear them open, the next Night

I fancied the same thing. In fine, I flattered my self with the thought that *Bellasire* had a Curiosity to see me, without being seen; and that she came to her Window when she heard me going away. I resolved to feign as if I were going away, and to return abruptly again, to see if she would not appear; I did so: I went to the end of the Street, as if I were going away, and I heard the Window open distinctly: I came back again presently; I thought I perceived *Bellasire*: but in coming nearer saw, a Man creeping close to the Wall under her Window, as if he would hide himself: I thought, I knew not how, in spite of the Darkness, that it was Don *Mauriques*; this thought put me quite out of frame, I presently Imagined that *Bellasire* lov'd him; that he was there to speak to her, that she open'd her Windows for him; to be short, I believed Don *Mauriques* had gained *Bellasire* from me: In the fury I was in, I drew my Sword, and we began to fight with a great deal of heat. I found I had wounded him in two places, but he still defended himself; at the Noise we made, or else by *Bellasire* Order, people came out to separate us. Don *Mauriques* knew me by the light of the flambeus, he went back two or three steps, I stepp't forward to take his Sword from him; but

but he let fall the point, and told me with a feeble Voice, is it you *Alphonso*? And is it possible that I have been so unfortunate as to fight against you? Yes Traytor, I said I, and it is I that will pluck out this Heart, for Robbing me of *Bellasire*, you pass the Nights at her Window, while they are kept shut for me. Don *Maurisques*, who was leaning against the Wall (supported by some that stood about him) being he could not well stand, looking upon me with Eyes full of Tears, said, I am unfortunate allways in Creating your discontent, the cruelty of my Destiny is some consolation to me for the Death you give. I die said he, and the condition I am in, ought to perswade the Truth of my last words; I swear unto you, that I never had a thought for *Bellasire* that could displease you; the love I have for another, and which I have not concealed from you, carried me abroad this Night; I believed I was watched and dog'd; I walked very fast, I run through several streets, till at last I stopt in the place where you found me without knowing that it was *Bellasire's* House: This is the Truth, my dear *Alphonso*, I conjure you not to be troubled at my Death; I forgive you with all my heart, he continued stretching out his Arms to embrace me: at this he lost his Sence,

and fell dead upon those that held him up.

I want words, my Lord, to express the state I was in, and the Rage I had against my self; I was twenty times upon the point of running my self through, then especially when I saw Don *Maurques* expiring. They drew me away from him; the Count of *Guavarré* Father to *Bellasire*, who came out, hearing Don *Maurques*, and my Name carried me home and put me into my Fathers Hands. They would not leave me alone by reason of the Fury I was in, but their care had been fruitless, if my Religion had left me the liberty of killing my self. The grief I knew *Bellasire* was in for the accident that hapned upon her score, and the noise it made in the Court, made me mad. When I consider'd that all the afflictions she had, and all the torments I indured, befell all through my fault, I was in a fury that cannot be expressed. The Count of *Guavarré* who still retained a great friendship for me, came very often to see me, and attributed the noise and bustle I had made, to the extremity of my passion for his Daughter. I understood by him, that she was not to be pacified, and that her grief exceeded the bounds of reason: I was too well acquainted with her humour, and her extream tenderness of
her

her reputation, not to know without being told, all that she could feel for so unhappy an accident. Some dayes after this misadventure, they told me there was a Gentleman from *Bellasire* that desired to speak to me from her: I was transported at the name of *Bellasire*, who was so dear to me; I bid him be call'd in, he gave me a Letter, wherein I read these words.

A Letter from *Bellasire* to *Alphonso*.

Our separation has made the world so unsupportable to me, that I could no longer live in it with any content, and that late Accident gave so deep a wound to my Reputation, that I cannot stay in it without dishonour. I will withdraw my self unto a retreat, where I shall not be forced to bear the shame of hearing the divers descants that shall be made upon me; those which you made, have occasioned all my misfortunes, and yet I could not resolve to leave the world without taking my leave of you, and without acknowledging to you that I love you still, as Brutal as you are; the inclination I had for you, and the remembrance of yours for me, will be the first Sacrifice I shall offer up to God when I

give my self to him; the Austerities of the life I am going to lead, will seem easie to me, for nothing can be tedious to one that has felt the smart of tearing her self away from what passionately loved her, and she loved above all things. I will own further, that no other way of living could secure me against the inclination which I have for you; and that since our separation, you never came to that fatal place where you committed such violence, but I was ready to speak to you, and tell you that I could not live without you; I am not certain whether I had not told it you that very Night that you assaulted Don Mauriques, and gavest me new Testimonies of those suspicions which caused all our Misfortunes. Fare-well Alphonso, remember me sometimes, and wish for my quiet, that I may never remember you.

There was nothing wanting to complete my Misfortunes, but to be assured that Bel-laire loved me still; and that happily she had bestowed her self upon me again, if she had not been hindered by my own extravagancy; and that the same Accident that made me Kill my best Friend, made me loose my Mistress too, and forced her to render her self unhappy all the rest of her days.

I asked him that brought me the Letter, where *Bellasire* was; he told me he had conducted her unto a Convent of Nuns, of a very strict Order, which came out of *France* lately; and that as she entred, she gave him a Letter for her Father, and another for me; I ran to this Monastery, I desired I might see her; but in vain: I met the Count of *Guavarre* coming out from thence; all his Authority, and his Intreaties to change her resolution, were to no purpose, she took upon her the habit a little after: During her year of probation, her Father and I used all our endeavours to persuade her to come out, and I would not leave *Navarre* (as I had resolved) untill I lost all hopes of seeing *Bellasire* once more: But the day that I knew she had engaged her self for ever, I came away without saying a word to any body; my Father was dead, and there was none that could hinder me; I came into *Catalonia* with intention to take Shipping for *Africa*, to spend my dayes in the Deserts of that Country. I happen'd by chance into this House, I lik'd it, I found it retir'd and solitary, and such as I could wish for my purpose; I bought it: Here I have liv'd this five years past, as melancholly a life as a man ought to do that kill'd his Friend, that made the

amiablest person in the world the most unhappy, and that by his own fault, lost the pleasure of spending his life agreeably with her. Now Sir, will you continue still in your belief, that your Misfortunes are comparable to mine.

Alphonso left off here, and seemed to be so over-charged with sadness, by renewing the grief which the remembrance of his Misfortunes past caused him, that *Gonsalvo* several times believed he was going to breath out his last. He said all the things to him that he thought capable of giving him ease; but he could not deny within himself but that those Misfortunes he heard related, might at least come in competition with those he had suffer'd.

In the mean time his grief for the loss of *Zayde* increased every day; he told *Alphonso* he was resolved to leave *Spain*; and to go serve the Emperour in his War against the *Sarrazens*, who having gotten possession of *Sicily*, made daily incursions into *Italy*. *Alphonso* was not a little afflicted at this resolution; he used all the arguments he could think of, to dissuade him, but his endeavours proved ineffectual.

The disquiet which Love creates, would not let *Gonsalvo* rest in this solitude; he was prompted to leave it by a secret hope,

to which he gave no great heed himself, that he should once more see *Zayde*. He resolves therefore to leave *Alphonso*; never was there so sad a separation: They repeated over all the sad adventures of their life; to which they added that, of never hoping to see one another again; after promising mutually to write to one another, *Alphonso* remained in his solitude, and *Gonsalvus* went to lye at *Tortosa*.

He liv'd in a House, the Garden whereof, was the greatest Ornament of that Town; he pass'd all the Night in walking; some part whereof, he spent upon the Banks of of the River *Elbe*: Being wearied with walking, he sat down at the foot of one of the Terrasses of this fine Garden; it was so low, that he could hear some that were walking there, talk: This noyse did not presently awake him out of his Dreaming; but at last he was startled by the sound of a voice like *Zaydes*, which gave him (whether he would or no) both attention and curiosity; he rose up that he might come near to the Terrasse: At first he heard nothing, because the Alley in which they walked abutting upon this Tarrasse, they were fain to turn back again, and go further off from him. He stood in the same place waiting their return; they came back as he hop'd

they would, and he heard that same voyce again, which surprised him before. *There are too many Contrarieties* (said she) *in the things that might make me happy; I cannot hope to be so, but I should think my grief less, if I could but have made him understand my meaning, and be assured of his.* After these words, *Gonsalva* could not well distinguish what they said, because they that spoke began to go further off; they came back the second time, speaking, *It is true,* (said she) *that the force of our first inclinations may excuse that which I have suffered to grow in my heart; but what a strange effect of chance would it be (if it should fall out) that this inclination which seems to agree with my destiny, should serve one day to make me follow it with regret.* This was all that *Gonsalva* could understand; the great resemblance this voice had with that of *Zayde's* amazed him, and perhaps, he had suspected her to be the same, if he had not heard her speak Spanish: Though he found that she that spoke, had the accent of a Stranger, yet did not reflect upon that, because it was upon the borders of *Spain*, where they do not speak so exactly as in *Castile*; he pity-ed her that spoke, and her words made him judge that there was something of extraordinary in her Fortune. The next day he parted

parted from *Tortosa*, with design to take Shipping. He had not gone far when he saw in the middle of the River *Iber* a Barge very richly set out, cover'd with a magnificent Tilt tuck'd up of all sides, and in it several Women, amongst whom he saw *Zayde*, she was standing up as if were to see the sweetness of that River, and yet she seem'd to be in a profound study. Here it were requisite to have lost a Mistress without all hopes of retrieving her, to be able to express what *Gonsalvo* felt at the sight of *Zayde*: His surprise and his joy were so great, that he knew not where he was, nor what he saw; he look'd earnestly upon her, and knowing again all the lineaments of her face, he was afraid to mistake; he could not presently imagine that she (whom he believ'd separated from him by so many Seas) could be within the breadth of one little River of him, and yet he had presently a mind to go to her, and speak to her, and make her take notice of him; but he was apprehensive of offending her, and so durst not make himself to be remark'd, or testifie his joy before those that were with her. So unexpected a happiness, and so many different thoughts would not let him fix upon a resolution; but at last, having recollected himself, and being assur'd that he

was

was not deceiv'd, he decrees within himself not to discover himself to *Zayde*; but only to follow her Barge to the Flott, where he hoped to find some opportunity of speaking to her in private; he believed at least to find out, what Country she was, and whether she was going; he fancied likewise by seeing those that were in the Barge, to be able to find out whether that Rival whom he believed like him were with her or no; in fine, he thought himself now near the end of all his uncertainties, and that at least he might inform *Zayd* of the love he had for her. He would gladly have wish'd that her eyes had been turned that way, but she was in such a deep thoughtfulness that her looks continued still fixed upon the water. In the midst of his Joy he remembred the person that he heard speak in the Garden of *Tortosa*, and though she spoke Spanish, the accent of a stranger which he observed in her speech, and the sight of *Zayd* so near the same place, made him Imagin it might be she her self. This thought troubled the pleasure he took in seeing her again; he remembred what he had heard her say of a former inclination; and notwithstanding the Disposition he might have to flatter himself, he was too well perswaded that *Zayd* lamented the losse of a lover whom she loved, who might have
a part

a part of that inclination; but her other following words which he still remembered gave him some hope; he imagin'd that it might not be impossible, but that there was some thing writ of advantage for him; he then began to doubt whether it was *Zayd* he had heard or not; and found it very unlikely that she could learn the Spanish Tongue in so short a space of time.

The disquiet these uncertainties caused in him was dissipated by the joy he felt for having found *Zayd* again; and without thinking whether he was beloved or not, all his mind was taken up with the pleasure he hoped shortly to have of being once more seen by *Zayd's* fair Eyes; in the mean time he walked still along by the River side following the Barge; and though he Rid a great pace, some people that followed on Horseback passed by him; he went some paces out of the way that they might not see his Face; but as one of them came behind the rest alone, the curiosity he had to learn something of *Zayde*, made him forget his ordinary caution, and asked him if he did not know who they were that Sailed in that Barge. They are said he, people of Quality amongst the *Moors*, that have been for some dayes at *Tortosa*, and are going to Ship themselves in a great Vessel to go for their own
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Country. In saying these words, he looked with much attention upon *Gonsalvo*, and so Galloped to over-take his Companions. *Gonsalvo* was somewhat surpris'd at this relation, and was no longer in doubt, but that it was *Zayde*, whom he heard talk in the Garden, since he knew that she lay at *Tortosa*: a turning which the River made in that place where the way was very craggy, made him lose sight of *Zayde*. At that very instant all those Horse-men that pass'd by him, returned back to him; he found they knew him, he endeavour'd to go out of their way, but they so beset him, that there was no going from them; he knew him that was at the head of them to be *Oliban*, one of the chief Commanders of the Prince of *Leons* Guards; he was infinitely troubled to be known by him: but his trouble was the more, because this Officer told him, that he had been many dayes in quest of him, and that he had order from the Prince to bring him to Court. How! The Prince is not satisfied with his Usage to me, but he must moreover robb me of my Liberty! It is the only Treasure I have left me, and I'll perish before I will suffer it to be taken from me. At these words he drew his Sword, and without considering the number of those that envi-

roned

roned him, and flew with such extraordinary Courage upon them, that he laid two or three of them flat, before they were able to put themselves in a posture of Defence. *Oliban* commanded the Guards to seize him only, and not to attempt any thing against his Life; they obeyd him with difficulty, for *Gonsalvo* run at them with great Fury, that they could no longer defend themselves without offending him; but their Captain amazed at *Gonsalvos* Wonderful Actions, and being fearful of not being able to fulfil the Princes Orders, alighted from his Horse, and with one thrust kill'd *Gonsalvo's* Horse; the Horse in his fall so intangled his Rider, that it was impossible for him to disengage himself, his Sword also was broke in the fall; all his assailants encompassed him, and *Oliban* with much civility represents to him the impossibility of being able to resist so many, *Gonsalvo* was too sensible of it; but he thought it so great an unhappiness, to be conducted to *Leon* that he could not submit to it: *Zayd* but just found, and now going to be lost, fill'd his Soul with bitterness and despair; he was in such a sad talking that Don *Garcias* his Officer, believed that his apprehension of being ill treated made him have such a repugnancy to go to Court; My Lord, said he, you must needs
be

be ignorant of what had pass'd at *Leon* of late to have such an apprehension of returning thither; I am ignorant of all things, replyed *Gonsalvus*, I only know that you would do me a far greater favour, in taking away my Life; than in forcing me to see the Prince of *Leon*. I would tell you more, replyed *Oliban*, if I had not been expressly forbidden by the Prince; let it only suffice, that I assure you, that you need not fear any thing. I hope the Affliction I receive by being compelled to return to *Leon* against my will, will hinder me from being in a condition to satisfie Don *Garcias* cruelty when I come there. As he said these last words, he saw *Zaydes* Barge again, but could not see her face, for she was sat down with her Face turned from him. What a destiny is mine, said he within himself! I lose *Zayde* at the very instant I found her; when I saw her, and spoke to her in *Alphonso's* house, she could not understand me; when I met her at *Tortosa*, and might be understood by her, I did not know her again; and now that I see her, that I know her, and that she might understand me, I cannot speak to her, and hope no more to see her, he remained for some time agitated betwixt these various thoughts; then on a sudden turning himself towards those that led him, I do not think, said

A Romance.

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said he to them, you fear that I can make my escape; I beg the favour of you, to let me go nearer to the River, to speak but one word or two to some that I see in that Barge; I am infinitely troubled, answer'd *Oliban*, to have Orders so contrary to your desires, for I am forbidden to let you speak to any Soul alive, and you must give me your pardon if I follow my Orders; *Gonsalvo* was so nearly touched at this denial, that the Officer observing the violence of his Passion, and fearing he would call to his assistance those that were in the Barge, he commanded his men to lead him further off from the River; which they did immediately, and carried *Don Gonsalvo* to the next place of convenience to lodge that night; the next day they took their journey to *Leon* and marched with so much speed that they arrived there in few days. *Oliban* sent one of his people to acquaint the Prince that they were arrived, and stayed for his coming back two hundred Paces from the Town; he that was sent, brought Order that *Gonsalvo* should be conducted into the Pallace by a by-way, and brought straight into *Don Garcia's* Closet; *Gonsalvo* was so sad, that he let them carry him whither they would, without so much as asking them whither they lead him.

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